THE Six-days Adventure, OR THE NEW UTOPIA.

A Comedy,

As it is Acted at his Royal Highness the Duke of York's Theatre.

By Edw.d Howard Esq.r Author of the British Prince &c.

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The Preface of the Author.

IF wit of this kind did always depend on ſucceſs, there were little to be ſaid (eſpecially in this age) to juſtifie the beſt of the antient, or modern Poeſy, the latter of which though ſhort of competition with our former Dramatique Poets, who brought the ſtage to ſuch a *non ultra* of deſigne and wit, that it might have been in ſome ſort their ſeveral Glories to have ſaid according to that Poetical boaſt of *Ovid* ——— *Jamque opus exegi.* And from whom the Engliſh Stage alone has given the world, (whatſoever can be objected to the contrary) the beſt Dramatique Rules, and Plays together. Notwithſtanding which, ſuch is the diſingenious Humour, or ignorance of the Age we live in, that not only the moſt deſerving of theſe come to be unfrequented, and ſlighted by their Auditors, but likewiſe ſome few of our modern, that can ſo far Juſtifie themſelves as to be Imitators of their vertues; and in ſtead of them obſcene, ridiculous and indigeſted Plays, have their numerous Audiences; as if it were their due to receive a ſuperior allowance, though they deſerve not the name of good foils, to ſet off the beauties of the other; nor can it be denied, that wit (like other moſt remarkable things) has not generally paſt its *Epochoreca*, ſo that we may compute its renown rather backward than forward, a treaſure that cannot be intail'd on poſterity, who are obſervable enough, (eſpecially now a days) to be rather beholding to the abilities of former writers, than able to oblige the world out of their ſtore again. And it is ſome wonder that ſuch who can pretend to ſo little of invention and wit, are favourably allow'd to be Authors; and like Bankrupts (though breaking their credit with the world) are permitted to ſet up ſtill; but if this be the good fortune of any, ſuch as conceive themſelves to have any title to deſert, have the leaſt cauſe to Repine, no more than to obſerve the common ingratitudes of fortune, which does ſeldome place merit on her right hand; nor is it otherwiſe to be expected, whilſt her greateſt Patrons are the moſt deprav'd, and ignorant of men: and I will preſume to ſay that there was ſo much good fortune in the fate of this Play, to receive its condemnation from ſuch, who wanted either capacity to receive it, or at leaſt were reſolv'd to joyn in a confederacy to oppoſe that eſteem, which the more juſt and knowing might have probably

low'd it, either being conſcious, that it was better than they were willing it ſhould be thought, or at leaſt not inferiour to what the moſt celebrated amongſt them could produce on the Stage; which conſideration did perhaps induſtriouſly occaſion the diſturbance of the Actors in the Repreſentation of this Play, as alſo the audience in the hearing of it, who could not with any quiet give their attention to the Action, and they had their end; for after this was done, the 2d day, there were few of the ſober ſpectators who would venture that diſreſpect to themſelves to ſee it often. If there were any perſons of quality who did ſubmit to ſo mean a compliance, as to abet or partake with ſo ungenerous a carriage, we will ſpare them the concern of reading themſelves here, of whom it may be ſaid as *Juvenal*, did of ſome degenerate in his time,

Qui Curios ſimulant, & Bacchanalia vivunt.

But that which was ſaid to ſharpen the ſting of this malice, was the undertaking concerning this Play, becauſe in that there might be ſome pecuniary loſs to add to this triumph. To which it may be anſwered, that if the adventure were imprudent (and poſſibly there may be as little reaſon to hazard mony on the ſucceſs of wit as on anything whatſoever) the carriage of ſuch as oppoſ'd its reception was a far greater extravagancy and folly. And he muſt diſtruſt his abilities very much (conſidering ſome Plays which have had ſucceſs) if he thinks his own not worth hazarding his mony as well as credit; as on the other ſide, there are ſome who would make ſuch a monopoly of their wit, that it is their endeavour none may ſell but theirs: though he may be a greater fool that writes ill and loſes nothing by it, than he that values himſelf ſo far as to adventure on what he conceives merits an eſteem. The truth is, not a few of our new Writers have ſcap'd much better, becauſe their works have not been thought worthy of emulation, though in the apprehenſion of the Judicious, they have ſuffer'd enough without other loſs than the forfeit of their underſtandings: and I doubt not (in this extravagant, if not ridiculous Age of cenſure) a Poet may be condemn'd and yet no delinquent to *Parnaſſus*. 'Tis true it lies much within the power of ſuch men, who have any reaſonable allowance of judgment to condemn the works of others, but on the other ſide it deſerves ſome admiration, that thoſe who are but pretenders to it, and who rather keep up a Cabal, or faction of judging, than of abilities fit to ſway others

others, yet notwithstanding it should lie in their power to suppress the esteem of any; insomuch that an ingenious man might scorn, or at least blush, in behalf of that brow, that should wear a leaf of Lawrel from the favour of these, who like under-graduates in the Schools of the Muses, are too inconsiderable to give Authority to Poesy; wherefore the Author of this play may with modesty enough slight the malevolent carriage, as well as impotent censure of those, who by-ass'd by prejudice, effected that injury which was given it in the Representation, and he doubts not it will be his sufficient vindication to all impartial, that he now commits it to their perusing in print, who could not receive that satisfaction in seeing it, (by reason of the interruption already mention'd) as he hopes they may by a judicious reading; which had he not cause to believe, he should have been far from presenting that publickly, which could with justice have been nauseated before; it being no less than a double folly, as well as offence, to occasion a second condemnation.

Besides, it could not be other than imperfectly perform'd by the Actors, who finding the Play abusively treated, were apt enough to neglect that diligence required to their parts, (as, I doubt not it was observ'd by many) there being little respect given by them to wit, (let it be never so deserving) if they find it be not so far successful, as to be beneficial to themselves. In this somewhat resembling the Judgment of the *Turks*, who hold nothing good but what is fortunate; but as this providence is not always likely to accompany wit, so the Actors may be allow'd to esteem such Plays that get them most, though it be little credit to their judgments or their Playing, if the latter were not in some kind suitable to that wit, which has rather the good fortune to be receiv'd than good in it self.

The humour of the age is so much inclin'd to favour low, and farce-like Mimikry, together with common place wit, (not less undervaluing the Stage than the other) frequently observ'd from discourse in Taverns, French-houses, Coffee-houses, together with the loose and debauch'd carriages of men and women put together, not considering that the wit and beauty of Poesy consist rather in manners feign'd than in such of vulgar observation amongst men, that this Comedy, the humours of which are more remote and Satyrical, could not in reason meet with an applause equal to the former; which though I take to be in some part its commendation, I shall not so far justifie it, as not to give the Reader necessary satisfaction in what he may misconceive from the report or misapprehension of o-

thers. In order to which before I ſpeak of the parts againſt which I can gather any objection lyes, I will ſay ſomething of the deſign, (which is the foundation of a Play) the deficiency whereof doth render all Dramatique compoſitions neither profitable, nor pleaſant, like a ſtructure that is raiſ'd upon an unſound foundation, & though there be never ſo many ſupporters applied of wit to keep it from falling, it will be obſerv'd ſo leaning, and tottering, that it cannot be worthy of the Architecture of the Muſes, who are too much the Daughters of Science to admit incongruity and error in their works.

And as to the contrivance of this Play, that it was new, its greateſt adverſaries will not, I ſuppoſe, deny, (I wiſh they could ſay as much in behalf of Plays they moſt eſteem;) that it was not improper, I ſhall as eaſily manifeſt: For what can be objected againſt my introducing the ſeveral common-wealths of men, and women, grounded on ſuppos'd cuſtome, by affirming it to be novel, and conſequently unalowable, the objection is not at all ſolid, becauſe it is not more impoſſible that ſuch a manner of rule might be practis'd, than that there were *Amazons* in one or more parts of the world, (if we will believe Authors) who had a ſupremacy over men, obtain'd by force of law or power, or at ſome time or other conferr'd on their ambition by a prevalent indulgence to that ſex; or that ſome Countreys at this day admit of Queens as well as Kings, and perhaps it is more the authority of uſage and manners, than the law of nature, which does generally incapacitate the Rule of women, there being not ſeldome to be found as great abilities in them (allowing for the diſadvantage they have in not being ſuitably educated to letters,) as are to be obſerv'd in men of greateſt comprehenſions. But this is ſuggeſted not diſputed here: their characters in this Play being rather made uſe of to confirm the judgement and practice of the world in rendring them more properly the weaker Sex, than to authorize their government; though the ambition of that Sex, as likewiſe the value they are apt enough to allow themſelves, may call it a ſevere policy; but women have ſmall reaſon to complain, if for their greater honour, their beauty, and other attractions give them not ſeldom ſuch a ſuperintendent eſteem that they command in many reſpects without being oblig'd to power and law, no leſs abſolutely than men. But enough of this particular.

For the Characters of this Play, I find thoſe of *Foppering* and *Peacock* occaſion'd ſome ſcrupulous, or inconſiderate ſpectators to make more than needful objections againſt them; not but I conceive that

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there are few characters in the moſt approved Plays, which keep ſo ſtrict a decorum with nature and reaſon, as that there cannot be obſerv'd any incongruities in them. Wherefore I ſhall not ſo far undertake their vindication, but rather ſhew how they were uſefully to have been receiv'd in order to what was to be expreſſed by them.

And firſt for *Foppering*; in whoſe Character the reader will obſerve a Satyre againſt lyars heightn'd by ſeveral degrees of traducing of truth; not that every common Lyar keeps that road, or goes ſo high as the Moon for Fables, which had not been neceſſary in his caſe ſtrictly to reſemble, becauſe it being ſatyrically intended againſt this exorbitancy in men, it might be allow'd to be more bold with truth than they uſually are, by reaſon the higher in that caſe a Character is rais'd, it is more comprehenſive of whatſoever can fall under that notion; as we ſee in his, which doth not only correct vulgar lying, but by an extravagancy of humour aſcends to Aſtronomers, whoſe faults could not have otherwiſe been touch'd; as is inſtanc'd in their erroneous computations of the motions of the Moon well known to the learned.

The like may be ſaid of the part of *Peacock*, whoſe vanity of ſelf-love is heightned to introduce that Satyr which is uſefully deſigned againſt the impoſſibilities pretended by Chymiſts, and he could be no otherwiſe than of an extraordinary humour to repreſent it, for what had been common could not have done it.

And I differ from their judgments who think, that whatſoever is not vulgarly obſerv'd amongſt men, to be therefore not Poetically allowable, which if true, the wit of Poetry were rather commonplace and obſervation, than invention, in no caſe to be allow'd. Wherefore there needs no practicable authority for every Character that is produced, if what has been never before obſerv'd, anſwer the deſign of the Author in being uſeful and corrective to manners, the eſſential dignity of Comedy, and without which it has ſmall title to that name or deſert; beſides a Satyr cannot be poetically expreſſed but it muſt be highly Hyperbolical, as may be ſeen in thoſe of *Juvenal's*, as alſo in moſt of the comedies of *Ben Jhonſon* in which are very many characters of no being amongſt men, as in his *Devil's an Aſs*, *Cinthio's Revels*, and others; nay in his more exact one of the ſilent Woman, I doubt not to affirm that there was never ſuch a man as *Moroſe* who converſ'd by a whiſper through a Trunk, but the Poets authority in that caſe is ſufficient for what is not probable, becauſe it was an extravagancy well applyed to the humour of ſuch a

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perſon, which is ſufficient to direct us that things may be allow'd in a Poetical ſence which are not naturally ſo. Who ever diſputed againſt the wonders mention'd by the Poets, the Metamorphoſis of *Ovid*, *Æſop*'s Fables and the like, by reaſon that the moral of them is more to be regarded than the truth; which conſideration has been the beſt and general authority of introducing of Fables: wherefore to ſuch as are different in opinion, there needs no other reply, but that they are little skill'd in the Muſes, and muſt be beholding to their ignorance for their excuſe.

As there are few rules for the deciſion of wit, ſo it has not always a dignity ſuitable to its deſert, nay very often ſo far from receiving Juſtice in that kind, that a judicious perſon would ſooner eſteem what generally has been diſapproved or condemn'd, than ſubmit his cenſure to the giddineſs of vulgar applauſe, there being nothing more unſtable or erroneous than *vox populi* in point of plays, as the obſervation of not a few now extant doth manifeſt; beſides that the Major part of Audiences are neither all Poets nor critical enough to determine of approbation or cenſure, but rather a commixture of men of ſeveral capacities, no more fit to conceive judiciouſly of what they obſerve, than if a multitude were conſulted about a peice of painting, the generality whereof can hardly diſtinguiſh betwixt the Trowel and Pencil: ſo that it is no wonder, if from the confus'd reſult of their Judgment, or as they are decoyed by parties and factions, (which ſome to ſupport their wit implore with more devotion than they pay their Muſes, to which purpoſe they are induſtrious Orators to the Court and Town) we find the moſt irregular, and illiterate, obſcene and inſipid Plays crowded with audiences, where they with better exerciſe to their bodies ſweat for company, than improve their wit, learning, or manners, to do all which ſhould be the uſe of Plays; whileſt the moſt fortunate of our preſent Poets may perhaps conceive themſelves little leſs than ſacred, in having this vogue, or ſtream of applauſe beſtowed on their Plays, as if it were the only proper incenſe to be offer'd to *Parnaſſus* in their behalfs: but we may remember that the Red-Bull writers, with their Drums, Trumpets, Battels, and Hero's, have had this ſucceſs formerly, and perhaps have been able to number as many Audiences as our Theatres, (I will not preſume to make the compariſon otherwiſe) ſo likewiſe the Sock of that ſtage as well as the Buskin is not ſo Rank but that it may in ſome degree tread with our preſent writers, witneſs the Farce, *alias* the comedy of *Tu quoque*, no leſs than a

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mote for moſt of the modern of either denomination, and yet of happy memory, in point of audiences, as I doubt not many of ours of the like Genius will be, when they have liv'd as long.

And though the ear be the principal ſenſe to receive ſatisfaction from the Stage, yet we find, that of ſeeing has not ſeldome a greater predominancy, whilſt Scenes, habits, dances, or perhaps an Actreſs take more with Spectators, than the beſt Dramatick wit, or contrivance of the Age, from whence we may prognoſticate, that the enterlude of *Punchinello*, (having ſome reſemblance of the ſame entertainment) may be as long frequented as either Theatre.

Not that I inſtance this, as a froward reflection on the mean reception of this Play, or any concern depending on it, or that I would have any oblig'd to like what in their aprehenſions they judge fit to condemn; which whether in this caſe, it has proceeded from miſtake or prejudice, I doubt not the Reader will candidly conſider.

For what value can there be given to wit, that it ſhould be eſteemed worth contending for, or for which a man would ſo much as ſeem to take it ill of the world if he be not thought to write or ſpeak ſo well as he does, or that one more inconſiderable in either ſhould be allow'd to perform both better? wit being ſo far from being the inſeparable Talent of the wiſe, that it is obſervable in ſome degree, not only in men of mean converſe, but in the extravagancies of Fools, and madmen, and what does little redound to the credit of any that has been moſt ſucceſsful (I mean on the Stage,) it has ſeldome been thought weighty enough for applauſe by ſuch as have been able to put it to the teſt of ſober judgment, who being few in reſpect of the gaudy and illiterate numbers that reſort to Plays, & will take upon them to be at leaſt ſo far acquainted with Poetry as to call themſelves wits, (though they have little more Title to it than pretence, or as far perhaps as a Baudy, or Tavern Jeſt can give the denomination) the diſcerning ſort of men are as much diſabled from over-ruling their Cenſures, as the Principles of Sobriety, Prudence, and Vertue, are rendred too weak to reſiſt the more prevailing practice of diſorder and vice. Wherefore if ſuch who are properly Judges have thought fit to give this Comedy any Credit with the world, the Author will not have cauſe to conceive its value impair'd by the condemnation of thoſe (though the major part) who wanted either wit, or candor, to allow its repute. As on the other ſide, the reſpect of theſe ſeveral perſons of ingenuity, and worth, who have thought it deſerving

of the Ornaments of their Pens, I doubt not is enough to confirm the Reader that if it be not so good as the Author could wish, it wants not the vindication as well as attest of impartial and knowing apprehensions.

The

To the Author of the *New Vtopia.*

1

BEyond the merit of the Age
You have adorn'd the Stage
So from rude farce to Comick order brought
Each action and each thought
To ſo ſublime a Method as yet none
But mighty Ben *alone*
Durſt ere compare, and he at diſtance too;
Were he alive, he would reſign to you
Thou haſt outdone even what He writ,
In this laſt great Example of thy wit.
Thy Solymour *does his* Moroſe *deſtroy,*
And thy Black Page *undoes his* Barbers Boy:
His whole College of Ladies muſt retire
Whilſt we thy braver Heroins do admire.
This New Vtopia *rais'd by thee*
Shall ſtand a Structure to be wonder'd at,
And men ſhall ſay this! this is he
Who that Poetick City did create,
Of which Moor *only did the Model draw*
You did compleat that little world, and gave it Law.

2

If you too great a Proſpect do allow
To thoſe whom ignorance do at diſtance ſeat
'Tis not to ſay the object is leſs great,
But they want ſight to apprehend it ſo;
The Antient Poets in their times
When through the Peopled Streets they ſung their Rhimes,
Found ſmall applauſe, they ſang, but ſtill were poor,
Repeated wit enough at every door
To've made them Demy Gods, but 'twould not do
Till Ages more refin'd eſteem'd them ſo:
The Modern Poets have with like ſucceſs
Quitted the Stage, and ſalli'd from the Preſs.
Great Johnſon *ſcarce a Play brought forth*
But Monſter-*like it frighted at its birth;*

Yet he continu'd ſtill to write
And ſtill his Satyre did more ſharply bite
He writ though certain of his doom
(Knowing his Power in Comedy)
To pleaſe a wiſer Age to come;
And though he weapons wore to juſtifie
The reaſon of his Pen; he could not bring
Dull ſouls to ſence by Satyre nor by Cudgelling.

3.

In vain the errors of the times
You ſtrive by wholſome precepts to confute,
Not all your power in Proſe nor Rhimes
Can finiſh the diſpute,
'Twixt thoſe that damn, and thoſe that do admire
The heat of your Poetick fire:
Your ſoul of thought you may imploy
A nobler way
Than in revenge upon a multitude,
Whoſe ignorance only make them rude:
Should you that juſtice do
You muſt for ever bid adieu,
To Poetry Divine,
And every Muſe o'th' nine;
For malice then with ignorance would joyn
And ſo undo the world and you
And Raviſh from them that delight
Of ſeeing the wonders which you write;
And all your glories, unadmir'd muſt lye,
As Veſtal beauties are intomb'd before they dye.

4

Conſider, and conſult your wit
Deſpiſe thoſe Ills you muſt endure;
And raiſe your ſcorn as great as it,
Be confident, and then ſecure:
And let your rich fraught Pen
Adventure out again,
Maugre the ſtorms which do oppoſe its courſe
(Storms which deſtroy without remorſe:)
It may new worlds deſcry,
Which peopl'd from thy brain may know

More

More than the Universe beſides can ſhow;
More Arts of Love, and more of Gallantry:
Write on, and let not after Ages ſay
The Whiſtle, *and rude* Hiſs *could lay,*
Thy mighty Sprite of Poetry,
Which but the Fools and guilty fly;
Who dare not in thy Mirror ſee,
Their own deformitie.
Where thou in two, the world doſt Character,
Since moſt of men Sir Graves, *or* Peacocks *are.*

5.

And ſhall that Muſe which did erewhile
Chant forth the glories of the Brittiſh Iſle,
Shall ſhe who louder was than fame
Now uſeleſs lye, and tame?
She who late made the Amazons *ſo great*
And ſhe who conquer'd Scythia *too*
Which Alexander *ne'er could do;*
Will you permit her to retreat?
Silence will like ſubmiſſion ſhow
And give advantage to the foe.
Undaunted let her once again appear
And let her lowdly ſing in every eare;
Then like thy Miſtreſs eyes who have the skill
Both to preſerve and kill;
So thou at once muſt be reveng'd on thoſe
That are thy foes;
And on thy Friends ſuch obligations lay
As nothing but the deed, the doer can repay.

A. Behn.

To the Author of the New Vtopia.

On the miſcarriage of his Play in Acting.

IN vain he ſeeks to get the worlds applauſe,
Who only pleads the merit of his cauſe;
For now, alas, by faction, or by chance,
All happy Candidates their names advance.
Faction! the weight that renders good too light;
Firſt mov'd by envy, malice, and deſpight;
And ever ſince indifferently try'd
To turn the Scale upon the weaker ſide.
Of old, as now, it did rewards beſtow:
Witneſs the nobleſt *Romans* overthrow;
When ſtanding for the Conſulſhip in choice,
Their vertues yielded to the peoples voice.
Nor is repulſe the worſt; but many times,
Supreme deſerts were puniſht as great crimes:
So was this Play, by a conſorted cry
Of wits and wittals, baffled and laid by.
They, to preſerve themſelves in force, condemn;
And theſe, like Penſioners, to follow them:
While both preſume of nonſence to impeach,
Becauſe ſome fancies went above their reach:
Conceit and language only proving good,
Where by the hearers they are underſtood.
But truſt the Preſs to vindicate the Stage,
And ſhow their judgment was th'effect of rage,
Each Scene will there ſuch pointed reaſons urge,
As may the Blades at once convince and ſcourge.
Thus triumpht *Horace* o'er his ſinking Fate,
Making th'united Brothers ſeparate:
Who in a Body durſt pronounce your Doom,
Doubt not but ſingly you ſhall overcome.

J. T.

To the Author of the *New Vtopia.*

1.

How happy, Sir, was the laſt age
When learned Johnſon *rul'd the Stage*
That ſtrict obſerver of mankind.
Men were the Books he read, and he
Made the whole town his Libraries;
Theatres were then the Schools
Of good morality, where Knaves and Fools
Their follies ſaw, and vices acted ſo,
Shame, thoſe made honeſter, theſe, wiſer grow.
In every Scene he writ we find
With Pleaſure Profit joyn'd,
And every Comedie
He did intend
An Errata *Page ſhould be,*
To ſhow men faults and teach 'em how to mend.

2.

But this age diſeſteems true Comedy
'Cauſe 'tis the mirrour of the times
That doth reflect mens follies and their crimes:
So ſome affected Lady 'cauſe her glaſs
Shows her how ill ſhe manages her face,
Is out of humour with't and throws it by.
Now Comedy to Farce gives place,
Which but its Zany is, and pleaſes more
With its Grimace,
Than all the Arts of Comedy before:
Yet is but Comedy turn'd Ridicule,
Or humours ſhown in Maſquerade.
An antick playing of the fool,
Which does ſo faſt advance
Comedy is laugh'd out of Countenance.

3.

But you adventure to retrive
The fading glories of the Stage,
Whilſt this Play you more than give

To

To the unthankful age.
Great Ben *thought it enough to ſwear*
That his were good
Believe me ſo they are,
Could we but find a man had as much wit
To read and judg of them as he that writ.
The ſame fate now
Do's your Play diſallow,
'Tis lik'd by as few as underſtood.
Our age before
Ne'er had a Play like this, nor e'er again
Will ſuch another ſee, leſs you once more
Imploy your Pen,
Which you muſt do in ſcorn of them
That for your virtue do your wit condemn.
Their ſpight
Brings you more praiſe than all your friends can write,
And does aſſert
Your Fame:
For where there's envy, there's deſert,
That ſtill at excellence doth aim.
So mungrel Curs are known
To bark againſt the brightneſs of the Moon,
But let ſuch Criticks ſtill purſue
Their malice, and do you
Write on, 'tis not allow'd
By fate, their breath
Should raiſe a laſting Cloud.
For after death
Like other Poets you ſhall have
The Bays you merit Planted on your grave.
No Poet ere a greater fame acquir'd,
Than living, to be envy'd, dead, admir'd.

Edward Ravenſcroft.

To

To the Author of the New Utopia.

1.

I have oft in ſilence griev'd to ſee
Poor and afflicted Poetry,
(Of late ſo much ador'd)
Rudely by ignorance dethron'd,
Till you, brave Sir, did timely ſuccour bring,
And by your Art reſtor'd
That poor diſtreſſed and depoſed Queen.

2.

You've built her Throne much brighter than before
Adding vaſt treaſures to her waſted ſtore;
You have enlarg'd her power, and demain
By the ſole vertue of your Pen;
And have remov'd all that uſurp'd the ſway,
That ſhe might rule
Without Controul
Not Fetter'd by penurious and rebellious law.

3.

You've added *New Utopia* to her Crown
Richly Adorn'd with trophies of your own,
Surpaſſing Antient *Babylon* or *Rome*,
This ſhall the Eternal ſeat of Empire be
To love and Poeſie:
In whoſe ſoft reign their ſubjects ſhall not know
The noiſe of wars
Or Civil jars,
Whoſe mighty empire moſt in peace does grow.

4.

In the next age, of this it will be ſaid,
They practiſe by the pattern you have laid.
Your prudent Morals that world will reform
Which now are loſt and ſmother'd in the Storm.
Proceed, great ſoul, and fear not a worſe Doom;
But like a Ship bear through your Courſe,
Againſt the wind and waters force;
Scattering the angry Billows and their foam,

5.

You firſt controuled the ill-manner'd Stage,
Obliging, by correcting vice, the Age;
You've ſing'd the tattering Pinnions of that Rhime
In which our flock of wits ſeem ſo ſublime:
Their maim'd and helpleſs Muſe now groveling lyes;
Fluskers and beats the earth but cannot riſe.

You've

You've baniſh'd from the Stage their Jill and Ruffian too,
(Enough a thouſand Poets to undo)
For this they hate and ſnarle at you.
You like the wiſer Ages theſe deteſt,
And all your modeſt Scenes
Seem fil'd with Queens,
Only more fair they are and humbly dreſt.

6.

When you have travers'd all the Sciences,
Your patient ſoul in theſe ſweet Arts you eaſe:
You Court your Muſe neither for gain nor Dower
But all your flame and paſſion's pure:
Your thoughts you ſhow in ſuch a comely dreſs,
As never ſullied Theater nor Preſs;
Yet ſo ſeverely prick
That the moſt ſluggiſh Aſſe does kick,
And ſcourge no leſs the fool and lunatick.

7.

You have diſturb'd our Poets Hive,
And what will ſpoil their game,
The ſtolen ſweets you do proclaim,
By which the lazy Waſps do live.
You muſt expect they'l buzz a while about
But yet one breath
Like ſudden ſtorm or death,
Will quickly ſcatter all that peeviſh rout.

8.

Unwearied *Ben* in the ungrateful Age
Propt up the ſtooping ruins of the Stage;
He bravely finiſh'd what he knew was good
Scorning the envy of the multitude;
Rebuk'd, and then ſuſtain'd with patience
The poor and rude
Revilings of the Croud,
And whipt the fooliſh world at laſt to ſence.

9.

Ceaſe not to do undauntedly the ſame
And you'l ſucceed that great man in his fame.
Beamont and witty *Fletcher* then as due
Will yield their Antient glories up to you.
Go on, your help you may too long defer
And then this Age muſt give to you
What that to *Ben* did owe;
And call you the ſupporter of the ſinking Theater.

Sam. Clyat.

Prologue.

THe New Utopia! Is't not pretty too
If this our Comedy more strange things shew
Than all Romantick Tales y' ave heard of old
Of love and honour? (though more lately told.)
And that you Ladies, see your Sex above
The power of men, and so command their love?
But where's the Art to form those gay things here,
Led by that Angel Wit, you Criticks fear?
Who (Devil-like) to Poets teach despair:
Nay more; I'll thus of our men Actors say,
They sleight perhaps how you'll receive this Play,
Like lazy Hirelings having shar'd their Pay:
But for us Women, we protest to Act
Above the men (who are oblig'd by pact)
And with that vigour will perform it too,
You'l wish your own Amours were acted so:
Tho' 'tis your int'rest to be pleas'd to day
T' incourage Poets (after him) to pay
As much beforehand ere we act new Play.
And then 'tis Odds you'l find such cautious wit
That few will venture who have ill ones writ,
To be by Criticks and themselves crost-bit;
Th' excuse the Poet gives, is was with him
Perhaps like such who in discourse and Wine,
Think all they write and say is fine,
Till wiser thoughts the past condemne.
Yet he presumes that most of all you here
Have been content to pay Six days as dear,
When but a petty farce has been your Chear;
But I'd almost forgot that you may take
A forfeit for each bolder word I speak.
Tho' it has past, may hold good Prologue fence,
T' have dar'd you with less wit than confidence.
Like those Romantick favours some dispence:
'Tis here with Writers as with other men,
Suppose them rich, their wit you make so then:
Do the like now; and you perhaps may find
You'are not Couzen'd more in being kind.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

Sir *Adam Meridith.*	Mr. *Underhil.*
Sir *Grave Solymour.*	Mr. *Medburn.*
Mr. *Franckman,*	Mr. *Harris.*
Polidor, a Noble perſon.	Mr. *Young.*
Featlin, Son to Sir *Solym.*	Mr. *Crosby.*
Foppering.	Mr. *Nokes.*
Peacock.	Mr. *Angel.*
Euphorbus.	Mr. *Sherwood.*
Orlando Curioſo.	Mr. *Sandford.*
Seriza, A noble Lady.	Mrs. *Betterton.*
Celinda.	Mrs. *Shadwel.*
Criſpina.	Mrs. *Long.*
Eugenia.	Mrs. *Lee.*
Petilla.	Mrs. *Dixon.*
1. *Lady.*	Mrs. *Ford.*
2. *Lady.*	Mrs. *Clough.*

A *Blackamoor* Boy diſguiz'd like a Woman.
4 Cittizens and Magiſtrates.
Page and Attendants.

Scene, *Utopia.*

THE

Six Days Adventure,

OR THE

NEW UTOPIA.

The First Act.

Enter Meridith *and his Boy.*

Merid. BOy! Fetch me a glaſs of Sack;
Or no matter--- [*Boy offers to go*
I do not feel I want it, beſides I ſcorn
That theſe gray-hairs ſhall be beholding to
A dram of artificial mirth,
I'll keep a Cordial ſtill within me, here.

Boy. What mean you Sir?

Merid. To be from this day young again.

Boy. That's impoſſible, Sir.

Merid. 'Tis in my power, Boy; I find that Age
Is partly affectation, a ridiculous gravity,
Worſe than folly, or dotage.
Haſt thou writ the ſong out fair I gave thee?

Boy. I have writ the Rhime true at leaſt, Sir;
And that's it which makes the muſick.

Merid. Away, away; I ſhould be loath
To make ſuch a Satyrical repartee to any of our Poets:
Give me the ſong.

Boy. Shall I sing it? [*Boy deliver the Song*

Merid. No Boy, I'll not entertain my self at
The Second hand; should a Lady offer her voice
As amorous as I feel my self to be, I'de
Rather desire her pardon, and make use of my natural Air.

Boy. This master of mine was ever inclin'd to mirth, [*aside.*
But this has so much of the extreme, that did I but
Observe such another Example, and were old enough
To be skill'd in the Stars, I should judge
We had a various world towards.

[*Meridith having ponder'd on the Song awhile, with an airy posture, sings it.*

The Song.

1.

Though Nature, some tell, grows old, grows old,
And youth and age decay;
In spight of all her winters cold
I merrily sing
My ages spring:
And can love at this day,
And can love at this day.

2.

Whilst on my head these hairs do show,
That time is old, not I
Unless his hours more youthful flow
And Autumn meet
With Summers heat;
Who else must live and die
Less pleasantly than I.

Merid. Away boy & set my Lute & Viol in order— [*Enter Sir* Grave Solymour *at the end of the song, who stops his ears hearing* Meridith *sing.*

I would be yet merrier did I know how— [*Ex. Boy.*
And teach time to grow young again.
My joints I feel can spring a caper yet— [*He leaps.*

Soly.

Soly. Fie Sir *Adam Meredith!* What ſo vain? I am
Sorry I find cauſe to rebuke it, in a man
Of your years.

Merid. Good Sir *Grave Solymour* do not infect me
With your auſterity: as I bear the name of *Adam*
So I will endeavour to be the firſt Man of mirth
Of my time.

Soly. What a vain world have we towards? an old Man
Turn'd young again?

Merid. Were I beholding to charms, like
Æſon, your gravity might call me in queſtion;
Or were I infirm, and diſeaſ'd; or knew
Woman that deſpiſ'd my mirth, age, or me, as
Perhaps (though ſomewhat younger) you may find;
I might have cauſe to be leſs jovial, but
So long as I am reſolv'd to be youthful,
Fate do thy worſt.

Soly. O times! O manners!

Merid. What call you good times, or manners, but
Such as conſpire moſt with our delights? Be it
War or peace, I am reſolv'd to maintain my
Humour; and when I am dead, my life ſhall
Oblige ſome Poet or other by ſpiriting
Comedy with my Character.

Soly. You have good luck if you 'ſcape
Whilſt you live: there are writers amongſt us
Of ſuch barren inventions, as they are forc'd to
Character the living, and could it but produce
Reformation amongſt us, Satyrical Poets were
The moſt uſeful of all profeſſions in *Utopia*.

Merid. What call you Reformation?

Soly. The ſuppreſſion of vanity and vice.

Merid. I have heard of ſuch a Sect in *England*
That would inveigh openly againſt all theſe, yet lov'd their
Regalio's, and the cloſe embrace in private,
I hope you are not of the ſame complexion,

Soly. There's nothing more hard than to diſſemble ſafely—[*Aſide.*
But Sir though you cenſure freely, I hope
I may deſerve ſo much of your Charity to
Be taken as I profeſs my ſelf to be.

Merid. I'll be as candid, as you can deſerve, or deſire me.
Soly. To requite your favour, I'll put you in
Mind of what you have cauſe to conſider.
Merid. With all my heart, Sir.
Soly. But whether 'twill fit your jolly humour
I make a queſtion.
Merid. You need not Sir, I am prepar'd for all
Things, the world can impoſe on me; a Non-reſident:
Prieſt lives not ſo much *ſine cura*, as I do,
And will do.
Soly. You might remember, we are this day in danger
Of being unmann'd.
Merid. How unmann'd? Prethee how? [*Feels below.*
I ſhould as unwillingly want any thing that belongs to Manhood,
As any man of twenty in *Utopia*.
Soly. Or what is worſe (if not prevented) our women
May this day claim the Government of us, and
Our Country, by an unhappy cuſtom ſometime
Practiſ'd here. Is this no judgment on our
Vanities?
Merid. A meer happineſs! the only mirth I look'd for:
I know our Law ſaies, their time is come,
And happy our Common-wealth, that is like to
Exchange Clubs for Diamonds.
Soly. But more unhappy Anceſtors. Where was their
Judgments, their reſolutions in gratifying the
Weak and vainer ſex, with ſuch a Law? 'Tis torment to
My ſenſes.
Merid. But in mine the moſt natural of all Governments.
Was not firſt man, then woman? So in dominion here
Our conſtitution ſays, that they and we muſt rule by
Turns: Though as a man, I could be well enough content
My own ſex might be ſtill ſuperiour; but be merry and
Amorous, and no matter, Knight.
Soly. That any man upward of 60 years ſhould be thus
Extravagant! Well *Solymour*; tho' thy inclinations
May be as prone to vice, there is ſome honour in thy [*Aſide*
Diſſimulation: A gilded pill deceives the eye, though
Not the taſte.

Enter

Enter Frankman.

Merid. Mr. *Frankman*, well met.

Frank. Sir *Adam*, I joy to ſee you! I perceive there's no Decay of Mirth in you, whatſoever there is in nature.

Merid. Thanks be to heaven, I feel none: My gray hairs Do not leſſen my Genius, but rather improve it by Putting me in mind of the ſilver Age, of which the Poets ſung ſo merrily in times paſt; and were ſixteen My Rival, I ſhould think that woman too blame, That would not make me her choice.

Frank. God a mercy old boy.

Merid. And how do the Ladies of our acquaintance?

Frank. You would not make love to them?

Merid. Were I ſure they would not neglect me for theſe gray hairs, I'de ſay ſomething.

Frank. A merry heart may do much, you know what Times are towards us.

Merid. I know, I know; and have been winning of Sir *Solymour*; but he's ſo auſtere.

Frank. Oh he's a man of magiſtracy, though I believe no better A member of the Common-wealth, than he ſhould be. [*Aſide.*

Soly. And muſt bluſh with others; if I lay down my authority. At the foot of a petticoat: are you for a reſignation Mr. Frankman?

Frank. Not violent, but rather indifferent; ſince the Law allows it. Tho' I doubt not, we have ſome Magiſtrates of your grave Sence, that will unwillingly reſign.

Soly. May heaven reward them!

Frank. But when I conſider the Novelty, To ſee this Lady vie With t'other, for beauty, place, and ſuperintendency; 'Twill be ſuch a gay government.

Mere. And ſo ſportive and aery, that an Anarchy under them Would be pleaſant.

Soly. Our predeceſſors, have been curs'd in their Cradles, or what Is worſe, fool'd by their Wives.

Frank. Do not torment your ſelf ſo much, good Sir *Solymour*, the Utmoſt time is but a year and a day; and 'tis odds, if they

Obtain

Obtain it, whether 'twill last to the next Moonlight, as Matters may fall out.

Soly. Were it not for our sins, I should hope better things, But the time we live in, is degenerate, and vicious, above All others.

Frank. A mere vulgar error, maintain'd by some peevish examples Of formality, and age: Are not the Sun and Stars of the same Temper, and heat they ever were: The Elements likewise the Same, and consequently our constitutions that depend on These, not more variable or degenerate in this than in other ages Of the world: but if your past youth have offended, or That you have any clandestine sin lies heavy on your Conscience, 'twill become your gravity in due time, to Repent, and acknowledge it.

Merid. God a mercy, young heart, thou hast spoke my sence To purpose.

Soly. And touches home, but I hope ignorantly-- [*Aside.*
I should be loath to blush for my hypocrisy.
Ha!--- what noise is this; [*Hoboys sound.*

Merid. Hoboys, Sir: In my younger years they were us'd On the stage to represent state and triumph.

Enter Foppering.

Frank. And he at the end on't? then we shall have an Enterlude to purpose.

Soly. By your leaves Gentlemen, I would be excus'd The hearing of it. [*Soly. offers to go out.*

Frank. You shall not take it by your favour Sir, untill you Know the occasion of his presenting himself thus.

Foppering. A ha-- boys--- [*Hoboys again.*

Soly. I beseech you Sir, I love no instrumental sound, to which Purpose I have caus'd all the instruments in my house To be broken.

Frank. I fear a sign of no good nature in you.

Merid. Or a strange antipathy to mirth.

Fopp. Victory! Victory, fellow Citizens, of *Utopia*!

Soly. Such an extravagance as this, a man would leap down A precipice to avoid.

Frank,

Frank. The great *Mogul* has not invaded us, and is beaten off?

Fopp. And thereby hangs a tale boys, and thereby hangs a tale boys.

Merid. Proceed thou ſpirit of joy.

Soly. May not I withdraw yet?

Frank. Give him the hearing firſt;--It may concern our common-Wealth——Go on Sir.

Fopp. Why to tell you true Gentiles, as be it known to all the World, I hate lying.

Frank. That parentheſis might have been ſpar'd.

Fopp. And as I am a Gentleman of truth, and honeſty, as I ſaid before. ——

Sol. Yet again!
Would I were in a Mill that I might not hear the
Whilſt.

Fopp. Then know all abſent and preſent that I *Tom Foppering* Having bin the laſt night, at ſome odds with my Wife, and ſo Forth; as you know, 'tis not eaſy for married People to be Always even with one another.

Frank. A pleaſant contention I hope.

Fopp. We fell at laſt to ſingle duel.

Merid. Naked I hope.

Fopp. As old as you are, you'r-miſtaken, I had my ſhirt on And ſhe her ſmock.

Soly. O Monſtrous! Above the patience of *Socrates* to endure!

Frank. Have a little more, he's coming to a period.

Fopp. And, as I ſaid before, being both naked, or which is all One, I in a ſmock, and ſhe in a ſhirt, as I told you already.

Frank. This is one ſymptom of a lyar-- he wants memory—— But no matter. ——

Fopp. We fell to hand and foot. ——

Merid. And nothing elſe?

Fopp. And to ſay truth I had the better on her by a fall or two, And brought her to ſuch a ſubmiſſion, that for my ſake She'l not attempt to rule in private or publick.

Frank. Mark that Sir *Solimour*; would the reſt of our Females could be ſo compounded with.

Fopp. Nay more to our greater joy, fellow Citizens, I made her Give me her word that ſhe would oppoſe her ſex in our Behalfes, if they did but offer at government.

Soly. Is this certain?

Fopp. She promiſ'd it on her knees, as I love ſtew'd pruines.

Frank. Lo you there Sir, and yet you are ſo ſevere, you would Not hear ſo much.

Soly. I confeſs my error, and beg your pardon, Sir; you may be Taken notice on for a Patriot of your countrey.

Merid. A Parrot rather, for in my ſence he talks by roat.

Soly. By your leave Gentlemen.

Frank. I hope you'l conveigh this good news, as occaſion ſerves.

Fopp. And extol my exploits with due praiſe.

Soly. Your deſerts oblige it. [*Ex.* Sir *Solymour.*

Frank. A ſtiff piece of formality.

Merid. And uſed ſuch diſcourſes againſt mirth, and vanity!——

Frank. O he has got lately into office (perhaps beholding to his Mony, which ſometimes creates honour, and preferments, ſooner Than wit or honeſty--- You pleaſ'd him Mr. *Foppering* To a hair.

Fopp. I am glad to do my friends, and the publick, ſervice.

Enter Peacock.

Frank. Mr. *Peacock* well met.

Peac. And ſo are you Mr. *Frankman*, and you, Sir *Adam*. But For you Mr. *Foppering*, I am more than your *tres humble Serviteur.*

Fopp. I return your ſalutation in my mothers tongue, for want Of a better, Sir, giving you my embrace thus. [*They hugg.*

Frank. O here were a ſight indeed to trouble *Solymours* Patience--- but Mr. *Peacock*——

Peac. Your ready obſerver——

Frank. Sparing my return of your complement; had you been here Even now.

Peac. What then? Sir?

Frank. Why you have loſt the ſeeing of ſuch a ſight.

Peac. A ſight Sir.

Frank. Yes Sir, and ſuch an one as the glory of *Rome* can't parrallel Your friend Mr. *Foppering* hath had ſuch a victory, and Triumph upon it.

Fopp. Good Sir, no more; a ſlight paſſage betwixt my wife and me.

Frank.

Frank. 'Tis your Modesty to call it so.

Peac. Nay Mr. *Foppering*, if you will conceal from your friend.

Fopp. Why in good faith, Mr. *Peacock*, to tell you true, I am
Asham'd to mention it; I had only a single Combat
With my wife, and as I may tell you and the rest of my
Friends, had something the better on her Lady-ship.

Merid. 'Bating the folly, I have not met with such a jolly passage
I konow not when. ——

Frank. You must allow a little.

Merid. With all my heart, proceed.

Frank. And yet you'l grant her a small one, as most this
Clime hath produc'd.

Fopp. That I confess Sir, but as we men of valour say, The more
Danger, the more honour.

Peac. Passion on my heart, a brave expression: O that I had a
Wife too! ——

Frank. To what purpose?——

Peac. Marry that I might beat her more to purpose (a Wife,
Than ever woman was beaten; but though I amnot so happy to have
I have a mistress I dare be bold with; I'll go presently
And swaddle her soundly.

Fopp. Do, do, Mr. *Peacock*; if she be a woman, she cannot but
Deserve it.

Frank. By no means Sir, 'twere unjust--- [Frank. *stays him.*

Peac. I beseech you Sir, permit me as you love my honour.

Frank. That's a motive indeed.

Peac. And you shall see what a triumph I'll show you, (shall outdo
Fopperings) with a Drum and flying Colours, which I assure
You, in contempt shall be made of her Petticoats.

Merid. Spare me, spare me, *Frankman*, I shall die laughing else.

Frank. Come! you shall help to perswade—— [*To* Foppering.

Fopp. With all my heart; I was never against reconciliation, whether
It were with man or woman.

Peac. Well Sirs, if you had not interceeded, I had paid her
Coat for her, I'de have you to know, I do not fear
Taffetty, when 'tis in my way.

Frank. On my Conscience thou canst act the part of a man under
A Petticoat--- but enough of this matter.
We must now be serious.

Peac. 'Good faith; 'Twas my business Sir, Tho' I took this heat

In my way, a man muſt ſtand upon honour you know Sir.

Frank. I confeſs you could not well do otherwiſe, and ſuch a Preſident as Mr. *Foppering* to emulate.

Fopp. Excuſe me Sir, I have no ſuch ambition but by way of Diſcourſe, or ſo forth.

Frank. Is not this pleaſant *Meredith?*

Mer. It tickles me over and over; I could find in my heart to Make a Copy of verſes on the occaſion; I find my wit Youthful too; I thank my Stars.

Frank. By no means, 'twould diſhonour your Muſe, and is rather a Fit ſubject for our Lampooners that want invention Otherwiſe.

Peac. But to be ſerious, as you were ſaying Sir, I would ask You a capital queſtion.

Frank. What is it?

Peac. Why, I would deſire your judgment whether my periwig be A la mode or no? or what ſay you Sir? or you Sir?

Frank. A capital queſtion indeed amongſt many of our Gallants. [*Aſide.*

Merid. Why Sir, I judge it fits as well on your head, as it would On any mans it fits worſe.

Fopp. Would mine did deſerve one as good.

Pea. And for my Cloaths Gentlemen?

Frank. Exact to a Thread.

Peac. In good ſooth—— I am afraid they are not fantaſtical Enough as the world goes —— but I have provided others With ſuch an invention!

Merid. As how! as how?

Peac. Why, as I am call'd *Peacock*, ſo I am reſolv'd my habit Shall be various, that is to ſay, as much as in me lies, I Will Carry my Name on my back; Is not this an invention?

Frank. Excellent! there's not ſuch a Toyiſh thing thought on, ſince Veſts were firſt in uſe.

Peac. But an hours patience, and if my Taylor be not perfidious And breake his word with me, you ſhall behold me *Peacock*-like indeed—. I'le ſpeak to him about it, Preſently.

Frank. You can't do better. [*Ex.* Peac.

Enter

Enter Serina, Crispina, Ingenia, Petilla *and other Ladies.* [Fopp. *obscures himself when he sees his wife.*

Merid. Ladies, your humble servant.

Serin. You preserve your mirth still, Sir *Adam.*

Merid. And shall do, fair ones, as long as I have to do
With flesh and blood, the fires of love are not
Extinguish't yet, I thank provide ne.

Serin. A spritely piece of antiquity.

Enge. And of any ingenious humour: were I courted by him,
As I am a Virgin, I think I should not have the heart
To deny him.

Frank. Madam —— I am yours. [*To* Crispina.

Crisp. You have my thanks, but I shall hardly take you
At your word.

Frank. I am sure you'l not be so unkind to forget.

Crisp. Not that we have talk'd of love, or so —— pray
Ladies, forward, the time is expir'd already.

Frank. For what?

Petil. To possess and enjoy what belongs to [illegible] marke that,
You Sons of earth.

Frank. They'l not allow us to be sons of women shortly.

Petil. And she that will quit her share in government, may
She never have an obsequious servant, or obedient
Husband.

Frank. That were too much Madam,

Merid. A Brisk Lady i'faith.

Serin. Now by your leave Gentlemen ——

Merid. I am sorry you afford us so short a happiness, your
Company's a second life to me.

Petil. We have some affairs with our body politick. [*Ex. Ladies.*

Frank. I see they will have a pull for the Government
Come off how we can —— but where's *Foppering*? [Fopp. *discovers.*

Fopp. I had some occasion to step aside a little.

Frank. And your Wife here, I could not have thought it.

Fopp. But I did Sir, on some Considerations.

Merid. I suppose so.

Frank. Prethee follow her and keep her in humour (if
Possible) it may be of concern to our common-wealth.

Fopp. You ſhall command me Sir--- but if I come within her Reach, it ſhall be againſt my will——— [*Ex.* Fopp.

Frank. A Bragadochio *Fopp*, and aſſure as I live his wife beats him.

Merid. I would not wiſh to ſee it, though 'twere ſome diverſion, as He carries the matter. [*Enter Boy*

Boy. Some of the Chief Magiſtrates of *Utopia*, Deſire admittance.

Merid. Wait on them hither——— [*Ex. Boy.*

Enter Sir Solimour *with five or ſix Magiſtrates who are ſhew'd Seats.*

Soly. By your favour Sir, you muſt be here, your years Require the reſpect.

Merid. You muſt excuſe me Sir, I have done with debates and Councels of this kind, and the world's welcome to me, Which way ſoever it turns, thanks to my Genius.

1. *Magis.* You are much alter'd of late.

Merid. For the better I hope--but to your buſ'neſs, here is my place.

Frank. And mine here——— } Meridith *and* Frank. *ſeat themſelves at the lower end of the Reſt.*

Soly. The buſ'neſs, fathers, That requires our conſideration, is a high point of Government.

2. *Mag.* And of no leſs concern, than whether we men ſhall govern, Or this Common-wealth have women Magiſtrates that in order Of nature ſhould be our ſubjects.

1. *Magis.* Prudently ſtated.

3. *Magis.* Though it be acknowledg'd that our Law doth give Them right at this time.

Soly. But not executed within mans memory, I take it.

1. *Mag.* That's granted.

2. *Mag.* And may be therefore, the more reaſonably prevented.

Soly. Beſides the vanity & ſcandal, ſuch a government may produce.

3. *Magis.* Spoke like Sir *Grave Solymour*.

Frank. What pains does he take to be thought— [*Aſide to* Meridith.
Better than he is?

Merid. 'Tis his way, 'tis his way; tho' I am aſham'd that a man Of his age, ſhould have a diſpoſition ſo antipathiz'd To mine. [*To* Frank.

Soly.

Soly. Theſe things being conſider'd --I judge it ſuitable to
Our Gravities and diſcretions, to detain the power in
Our hands.

3. *Mag.* The world cannot but applaud it. (time?

1. *Magis.* But what ſhall we do to govern our wives in the mean

2. *Mag.* That's a queſtion indeed fellow Citizen, conſidering how
Abſolute they rule at home.

1. *Mag.* And as much affect it in private affairs, in ſo much that
Sometimes the mannagement of Kingdomes, and States, comes
Under their power: What think you Gentlemen? [*To* Frank. & Merid.

Frank. That I am happy in being not marri'd.

Merid. And I, that I am able to love yet.

Soly. Fy, you are not ſerious.

2. *Mag.* And ſpeak from the queſtion. (as

Frank. I ſuppoſe ſome of your Gravities will be able to apply it,
Your Wives may handle the matter.

Enter Foppering *haſtily, and in diſorder.*

Fopp. O Gentlemen!

Soly. What's the buſ'neſs?

Fopp. Outragious things in agitation! our Women are turning
Mankind, and uſing of their vigours the wrong way.

Merid. That were a ſtrange Metamorphoſis.

Fopp. I ſaw at leaſt a dozen uppermoſt with men under them,
Who lay as flat as flounders; the Streets crowded, and
Diſorder'd; ſweet-hearts and their ſervants together by the
Ears; Huſbands beaten by their Wives twice over.

Frank. And how 'ſcap'd you?

Fopp. Excuſe me Sir; you know my ſuperintendency——Beſides
Potts, Kettles, Dripping-pans, and Skillets, ſuch Weapons
As I thought women would not have fought with
Out of doors, have made ſuch batteries, and broke many
A hard and horn'd forehead, I ſuppoſe——

Merid. This will make work for Tinkers.

Fopp. Enough to employ that Trade in my conſcience an age.

Soly. What a Moon of madneſs are we come to?

Frank. But you have undertaken for your wife Sir?

Popp. As far as the beſt member I have can ſerve the Common-Wealth 'tis yours; in the mean time, I'll ſee what becomes Of my Spouſe amongſt the reſt--- [*Ex. Pop.*

Soly. An obliging perſon ——— Gentlemen your aſſiſtance.

Frank. To do any but fight with women or cats.

Merid. Rather let us endeavour to bring them into humour, and ſo quit their pretences that way.

2. *Mag.* I fear 'tis impoſſible! Here are ſome Of the Female Party. { *Enter* Petilla & Criſpina.

Frank. And *Foppering's* wife one of them.

Merid. Were he preſent, 'Tis odds we ſhould ſee a ſmart Combat Betwixt them. [Petilla *and* Criſpina *ſet up their arms.*

Petill. Now Gentlemen; you that deny our Authority, make it good and meet us man To Woman, if you dare.

Merid. Well ſaid ſpirit of *Venus*.

Criſp. There's my Glove to ſecond her, take it up who pleaſe,

Frank. I'll rather kiſs it, and return it you again.

Soly. This ſurpaſſes Amazonian impudence.

Frank. Or rather ſhews us that women will do more for power Than Love, we ſeldome find they venture to die for that; I Preſume to ſay ſo much in your behalf, Madam.

Criſp. Keep your diſtance Sir, and know with the reſt you have But one hour to anſwer our demands ———

Petil. That's too much by one Moiety, it ſhall be but half an hour.

1. *Mag.* And to whom muſt we apply?

Petil. To thoſe with us, who repreſent the good women of the Nation.

Frank. Inſtead of the good people, one of our old Common-wealth's Terms.

2. *Mag.* Is there no accomodation to be had?

Criſp. Not any, until the power's firſt acknowledg'd ours.

Petill. Without which you ſhall have War, private and Publick; The Plagues of *Ægypt* ſhall be ſhort of what We Women will inflict on men that are diſobedient. I ſuppoſe the moſt of you have Wives or Miſtreſſes, or both, And ſo adieu---- *Ex. Women.*

Frank. A menace to purpoſe.

1. *Mag.* A Fury could not have expreſt the like.

Soly.

Soly. What Catastrophe are we like to suffer?

Merid. A Gentle one at worst, I'le warrant you,
'Tis but being Amorous, and pleasant. [*Drum beats.*

1. *Mag.* Ha! what noise is this? more alarms towards?
Would I were fairly rid of my office.

2. *Mag.* Or that I had given up mine to my Wife, without
Ademand——my forehead will ake for it I fear.

Omn. Mag. Again, again. [*Trumpet sounds.*

Frank. 'Tis a Trumpet.

3. *Mag.* Our women are taking horse then.

Frank. To scratch us with their Nails think you? [*Trumpets again.*

Soly. O I am astonish'd!

Frank. Have you no wool to stop your Ears?

Soly. I fear I shall never hear more.

Merid. Ha, ha, ha! I cannot chuse but laugh, should
I die for't.

Frank. You need not apprehend; the Drum and Trumpet
Speak comfort and sound a parly.

Soly. Then let us breath a while——and so repent of our sins.

Frank. Do, good Sir, with the rest of this reverend presence, with-
Put on your night-Capps, and so consider what's to be done. (draws

Omn. Mag. Your advice is obliging and discreet.

Frank. Come *Meridith.* [*Ex. omnes.*——

The Second Act.

Enter Sir Solimour *and three Magistrates.*

Soly. I Wish I knew how to advise your Gravities,
1. *Mag.* Your counsel has been ever prudent.

Soly. But things are come to such an Exigent.

2. *Mag.* And the more violent, for the persons we have to deal with
Being women.

1. *Mag.* Besides many of them wives, that have been in full command
Already.

Soly

Soly. I must confess it is the fate of most Cities (tho' a deplorable one) To suffer under the female Yoake: Every puss that dares but Scratch, will offer at supremacy. (be, besides——

2. *Mag.* And make not a few of us greater beasts than we should

Soly. Methinks this creature, Woman, much resembles the Eel, on Which there's least hold to be taken by the tail.

2. *Mag.* Your Gravity says right: 'Tis a slippery propriety we have In that Sex.

Soly. But hard to be reform'd, since so spiteful a decree Of Nature, that the most serious can hardly resist it, nay Content to make love sometimes their recreation and Leisure.

3. *Mag.* We must acknowledg it.

Soly. I wish we could not, but as the Poet sings; *Et mentem dedit ipsa Venus*: 'Tis in us, and will have To do with us.

Enter Frankman.

1. *Mag.* Here comes Mr. *Frankman*.

Soly. I beseech you, what news?

Frank. Not better Sir, than I could wish—— our women Are violent still.

1. *Mag.* Not to be compounded with on reasonable terms?

Frank. There are but few of that Sex, will usually hear Propositions of that kind.

2. *Mag.* Suppose we are content to govern with them?

3. *Mag.* And so joyn body politicks?

2. *Mag.* Or that we might govern by day, and they by night.

Soly. An Empire so divided, I think I might comply with.

Frank. I judge you would Sir, but they require a dominion Somewhat more absolute I fear; besides most wives have A larger Prerogative already, than you mention.

3 *Mag.* That's granted,

Soly. But an immodesty, and sin as big as impudence to Owne it.

Frank. 'Tis not deny'd—— Nor can I blame you for repining At these days, Sir *Solymour*.

Soly. To have power of life and love too.

Frank.

Frank. I Confeſs it ſevere—but for ſuch as have wives
I ſuppoſe they may hold their Capacities, with the
Aſſiſtance of ſome others, to ſerve their Cures: for us that
Have none, We muſt do as well as we can: Women
Are like fruitful Fields; if they lie fallow 'tis our
Own faults --- but let that paſs. You muſt remember
Your utmoſt time is expir'd.

Soly. Is there no withholding? What [*Enter Sir* Adam.
Says Sir *Adam Meridith*?

Merid. If you mean Power, let it paſs, and be merry without it.
The Females have gotten the rein in their Mouths, there's
No pulling of them back: I have perſwaded all my Friends
And acquaintances to comply.

Soly. Is't poſſible?

Merid. O Sir, I would not loſe the pleaſure of their regency
To tell my years back again.

Frank. You ſee Magiſtrates, how we are divided in opinion.

1. *Mag.* Is there no remedy?

Frank. None as I ſuppoſe; you have mov'd a Neſt of Hornets
That have ſtings ſome where.

Merid. And will be about your ears preſently, except you conform.

Soly. Since there is no prevention I comply.

Frank. Away, away Sirs, leſt the time be elaps'd and they inflict
Puniſhment for it, or put us in the Stocks, as ſome Non-con-
Formiſt-Prieſts deſerve amongſt us.

2. *Mag.* We ſhall haſte with ceremony and obſervance.

Merid. Leſt you hear the Drum and Trumpet again, to put you
In mind of your duty --- away, away -- [*Ex.* Soly. *and* Mag.

Frank. So, ſo: the work's done.

Merid. I would not have it undone, for any pleaſure I know;
The Novelty muſt be delightful; and to ſpeak truth
Our Maſculine Common-wealth like others in the World
Hath been factious enough.

Frank. There's a Magiſterial ſpirit of diviſion in the beſt, that
Ever I read of, and not ſeldome deſtroys it ſelf: —but
To obſerve how our horn'd Citizens will wear their Brow
Antlers, under this new Militia, and government, and ſuch
A Common-wealth of love towards.

Merid. As will put down Love's Kingdome I warrant thee.
The more womaniſh, the more intereſt for men of

Kind complexions.

Frank. Were I a woman, for thy humour's sake, I think
I should love and admire thee——
Who have we here; *Peacock?* } *Enter* Peacock *dreſt in a habit of Feathers.*

Merid. And dreſt so like himself: I
Wish you Joy of your new habit.

Peac. 'Tis a new mode I confess Sir, but I hope it suits
Both my name, and Genius.

Frank. O to a Feather Sir: I dare commend your fancy so
Farr——and where had you the Pattern?

Peac. As far off as the Indies: I thought none nearer Airy
Enough for me.

Merid. A pleasant and ingenious people, I have heard much of 'em.

Frank. O Sir, they can make bows and arrows out of a red
Herring: and for their Cloaths, they make them as you see
Mr. *Peacocks*, by using the Feathers of Parrots, and Paraqueto's.

Peac. You are in the right, Mr. *Frankman.*

Merid. And can they fly when they have done?

Frank. I know not that, and yet I suppose them as near a Kin
To *Icarus*, as any Nation living—— 'Pre the *Peacock*
Let me be beholden to thee to describe some other of
Their qualities.

Peac. Why Sir, they have an especial faculty of uttering
Their minds in verse on all occasions, and though they
Walk in Feathers like Birds, as you see me, yet they
Are very profound in speech that way.

Merid. And affect poesy it seems.

Frank. He means I suppose the least part on't which is rhime.

Merid. I thank you for your information: in my whole
Time I have not heard the like.

Frank. But to return to your self again, whom I conceive to be
No small wonder amongst the rest in agitation amongst
Us,——

Peac. 'Tis my desire I assure you to be the greatest.

Frank. I perceive it is; The Owl among the Birds
Will be nothing to what you'l be.

Peac. I hope so Sir; and to tell you truly, I have such an
Affection to that Bird, as I have alter'd my Coat of
Armes, on that Consideration.

Merid.

Merid. As how Sir, as how?

Peac. Why Sir, by placing the Owl there inſtead of the Eagle,
Being a Bird not only more admir'd, but fitter to blazon
A Coat than any other. I hope the heralds will be beholding
To me for this invention.

Merid. By my heart a pleaſant Imagination.

Frank. And reaſon too, ſince they have been ſo indiſcreet hitherto
As to expreſs Coats of Arms as obſcurely as the *Ægyptians*
Did their Hieroglyphicks. A man cannot gueſs whether
Originally they belong'd to an honeſt man, fool, or
Knave——but then Sir, for your Courtſhip?

Peac. What call you that?

Merid. He means love: A man of thy years and underſtand the
Word no better!

Frank. And but even now confeſs'd he had a Miſtreſs

Peac. Now I conceive you Gentlemen; a little warm tickling
Thing, I have felt it ere now about me, ſleeping, and waking.

Frank. The very ſame.

Peac. Why then I would have you to know, my Amours (as I take
It a Modiſh word.)

Frank. It is ſo.

Peac. That is to ſay my Amours, ſhall be of a newer mode
And moſt ſuitable to my humour, and this Airy habit.
To which purpoſe I have lately bid Adieu to my Miſtreſs
I told you of.

Frank. I could not have believ'd a man of your complexion
Could have been ſo cruel.

Peac. In good faith, Gentlemen, I could contain no longer,
And was fain to entreat her patience——

Merid. You have not beat her I hope, as you threatend you
Would, on a late occaſion.

Peac. No, by my life; and gave her as good Sugar, as ever was
Given in words; but told her, ſhe muſt excuſe her friend
Jack Peacock, if henceforward he did not love her ſo
Well as himſelf.

Frank. If that be all 'tis excuſable, ſince few love in this age
On other terms; the more ſhame for *Cupid*.

Peac. But Sir, I gave her to underſtand I would be in love
With my ſelf only, and that I was reſolv'd to think that
I am the *Venus* and *Cupid*, and not ſhe.

Merid. This is somewhat extraordinary indeed.

Frank. And when came this humour into your Imagination?

Peac. But two hours ago, as I read the Fable of *Narcissus*,
And have been so troubl'd ever since I cannot come at
My own face to kiss it, that to be reveng'd of Fate
I have broken a Douzen looking Glasses within this half-
Hour: O I could so hug these Cheeks of mine!

Frank. I wish you could come at your posteriors with it.

Peac. Nay I can kiss any place that belongs to me, I have
Begun with my Breast as sweetly as if they had been Dugs
Of *Venus*, next to my Armes, and embrace my self
Thus —— then kiss my hands and Sigh, and so forward
To my great Toe.

Merid. O Admirable! half a Dozen humours as new as
This, would restore Comedy again.

Frank. Of which our Poets are in such want, or so barren of
Invention, that without being a *Naso*, 'tis easy to scent
Their Fox-like-thefts, from Plays and farces, to which they
Not seldome add their own rank libells to compleat their
Number of Characters.

Merid. And in this Motly manner abuse their friends and
Acquaintance.

Frank. I, and one another too, I have known it done.

Peac. O sweet self, sweet self! would to Heaven that Nature
Or Art could afford me such another self.

Merid. This is such another *Narcissus*.

Frank. But a greater Fopp than t'other was feign'd to be —— and
I have a device will fit him to a hair.

Merid. 'Prethee let him know it.

Peac. How shall I love thee and admire thee enough, my sweet
Pretty fine delightful self —— O that I might be such
Another self unto my self.

Frank. Well Sir, suppose I put your desires in a way to be serv'd.

Peac. To be made such another man as I am, do you mean Sir?

Frank. What else Sir; to be such another man as you are without
Staying the time to beget him, that's your desire?

Peac. The very same Sir.

Merid. Ha, ha, ha! hee'd be made two and yet continue still one.
There's no miracle above it.

Frank. And thus I advise you: There's in the City a man that

I have heard of, who undertakes to effect ſtrange things
Without the help of Nature, nay, for a need in ſpight of
Her Teeth.

Peac. As how Sir?

Frank. Why, by extracting of Eſſences, and Quinteſſences, with (which
He pretends to make Gold as faſt as one will butter
Eggs, or any thing out of nothing if he pleaſes.

Peac. This is the perſon I would know above the world.
And what his profeſſion?

Frank. He is called a Vertuoſo in general, but held to be a
Kind of Magician and Chymiſt together, and ſo forth.

Peac. Hee'l not raiſe a ſpirit I hope.

Frank. Not that any body ſhall ever ſee I'le warrant you, however
By his Art he pretends to as great matters; as Reſtau-
rations of Nature, making the Elements a new, out
Of which he can draw fire as pure, as that with which *Prome-
theus* kindl'd life in man firſt; and ſuch feats as theſe.

Peac. Away Sir, to him by any means! but where ſhall I
Find him?

Frank. That I forgot indeed, why he lives very near the Labour
In vain, if you open your mouth in the next Street
You'l hear of him, and withall let him know I
Commend you to him.——— I know hee's fool enough
To believe as great an impoſſibility. [*Aſide.*

Peac. I wiſh that my Feathers would ſupply me with Wings
That I might fly to him.——— [*Ex.* Peacock.

Merid. You have ſent him away in a Mood indeed; Nay,
Believing that this Miracle ſhall be effected of him.

Frank. The vanity of his humour and weakneſs of his ſence
Does ſufficiently comply to that purpoſe——Beſides
There's no better way to reform folly, than when it ſuffers
By it's own Extravagance: Too much of ſelf-love in any
Kind deſerves ſome puniſhment.

Merid. A moſt ingenious piece of Juſtice.

Frank. And yet 'tis obſervable that foolery, as well as
Knavery, has ever had a favourable growth amongſt us.

Merid. Like that we ſee in Tulips, there's none more gaudy
Than the fool, or of better eſteem——I ſuppoſe there
May be found as good a Metaphor for the latter; but
Give us Mirth, and honeſty with it, and no matter on

What Syſteme the world moves.——

Enter Foppering.

See! here comes *Foppering*.

Frank. One that is as excellent in his kind as t'other.

Merid. But not of ſo ſingular a Genius, as to be in love with himſelf.

Fopp. Well brain of mine, I am beholding to thee for ſomething.

Frank. I think not: now Mr. *Foppering!* how go matters?

Fopp. So, ſo, Gentlemen.

Merid. Is that all from a man of thy invention?

Fopp. My friends of Mirth, you ſhall not ſay that *Tom Foppering* Has not ſomething extraordinary to ſay, if occaſion ſerves.

Frank. I thought ſo ——but haſt not been at Civil wars with thy Wife again.

Fopp. For my wife Sir, ſhe and I agree as we pleaſe, and ſometime Differ, if we think fit, tho' we know not why: There's Deſtiny in Marriage as well as in ſomething elſe———you Know of.

Merid. We conceive you to a thread.

Fopp. But I can tell you of a greater female wonder than you Have heard of yet, will you believe me?

Frank. As far as we have cauſe at leaſt.

Fopp. Fy, fy, you muſt allow ſomething more to a friend Than that comes to; 'tis but an ordinary Civility as the World goes.

Merid. You ſhall have it then.

Fopp. Why then I muſt tell you, we have ſtrange times towards.

Frank. That may be believ'd; and Women to govern.

Fopp. But my proof that we ſhall have ſuch, is more miraculous Than all.

Frank. Proceed, we are a little in haſte.

Fopp. Nay, you muſt not be in too much haſte neither, there are Degrees in all things; but to come to the matter.

Merid. Do 'prethee, I hate prolixity, as I do ill humour.

Fopp. 'Tis ſomewhat of the biggeſt to get out.

Frank. Swallow it back again.

Fopp. But you ſhall have it egregiouſly——and know that I *Tom Foppering* ſaw this very Moon.

Frank.

Frank. Where is she? this is day, and the Sun shining.

Fopp. Nay, and you'l put me out, who can help it.

Frank. Suppose it the Moon then.

Fopp. Why then Sir, I saw that very Moon, you and I suppose, put On a Milk-maids hat in yonder Grove last night.

Frank. And did not you make love to her?

Fopp. In good sooth I could not chuse.

Merid. You had been to blame else, and so acted Endymions Part to purpose.—— ha——

Fopp. Nay, you know I can do as much with hand and foot As another——but it fell out we were prevented so Unluckily.

Frank. As how, 'prethee?

Fopp. Why an unlucky Owl, gave a Whoop, and frighted her To the very place you see her shine in now.

Frank. That's the Sun once more, Animal.

Fopp. But left this Slipper behind her, which I will kiss Often, and call her Mistris still.

Merid. A Slip-shoo'd Moon.

Fopp. But friends not a word to my Wife.

Frank. Or if she knew it, she'd hardly be jealous.

Fopp. By the next Moon-light or before, you may know More perhaps of her favours.

Frank. In the mean time this tale of thine, does equal, if not Surpass, the greatest Doctor of Fables amongst all the Poets.

Fopp. That's the ambition of my ingenuity, Sir.

Frank. I believe thee *Tom!* What a Dialogue had this been to have Punish'd Sir *Grave Solymour* with.

Merid. And the Exclamations he would have made against vanity Enough to have tir'd a dozen Vestals one by one. I was never so sick of Age, as since I knew his Gravity.

Fopp. Please you Gentlemen that I go and make a relation to Him on purpose? [*Enter* Crispina *and* Eugenia.

Frank. You shall not at this time. See here Are some of our Lady Magistrates. [*They go towards 'em.*

Crisp. How! Men, and come thus boldly towards us! where are Your manners?

Euge. I suppose you know we are Dames now.

Merid. And Pliant ones I hope, I should be loath to live an

Hour

Hour longer elſe, as quick as I feel life about me.

Euge. A ſmart humour of an old one.

Criſp. But we are now to think of power, and men after
As occaſion ſerves.

Enter Petilla.

Frank. But play not the Tyrant with us Ladies, we wiſh
Your Dominion well, provided you'l love, and ſo forth.

Petil. My huſband here! I'll ſtop a little——[*She hides her ſelf.*

Criſp. 'Twill not be long e're we ſhall acquaint you with what
We require in order to your obedience.

Frank. We are your ſubjects already Ladies--but to tell you truth—
Here is a Gentleman that is a ſmall diſſenter, having
Had ſome diff'rence lately with his wife, about Supremacy.

Fopp. A ſmall conteſt Ladies, asmuch as came to a blow with the
Smart of my hand; or ſo.

Merid. And ſomewhat betwixt your feet, was't not?

Fopp. I thank your remembrance; but I am ſo good natur'd that
I chaſtiſe her firſt, and forgive her afterwards.

Petil. Do you ſo Sir? [*Diſcovers her ſelf.* {Fopp. *offers to go out.*
Frank. Nay, make it good now Sir. {Frank. *holds him.*

Petil. And has brag'd I ſhould be no Miſtriſs Magiſtrate
Of the Common-wealth, has he not?

Frank. I ſuppoſe he will not deny it.

Fopp. Excuſe me Sir, as I am a man in favour with the Stars
I am in haſte?——

Petil. I'll ſtay it a little--- [*offers to ſave himſelf behind* Frank.
And have t'other Slipper of the
Moons to find; have you ſo Sir?

Fopp. As ſure as ſhe dropt this in yonder Grove Wife!

Petill. In the meantime, I could find in my heart to make
Uſe of it about your pate.

Fopp. Do not profane it ſo I beſeech thee, tho' to tell thee the
Truth, I cannot chuſe but be in love with her horns.

Petil. Perhaps I may beſtow a pair on you in time——and then
For your belying of me, and our Sexes Authority.

Fopp. Thou know'ſt I love to talk for my Credit, or ſo.

Petil. And diſparage my ſuperiority, do you? [*offers to beat him.*

Fopp.

Fopp. By both my ears, which are at thy ſervice, I Scorn it Wife.

Petil. Would I could come at thy tongue as well.

Merid. No more good Madam.

Petil. Am I fit to govern now Sirrah?

Fopp. By this hand of thine, which I kiſs thus, and honour as the Scepter of my obedience, Thou art, as thou know'ſt I was Never againſt it betwixt our ſelves.

Frank. You muſt interpoſe Ladies, or here will be a battery at leaſt.

Omn. La. Enough, enough, Madam. (you.

Petil. And remember you come not near my bed till I command

Fopp. Not I, by my manhood, of which thou haſt had ſo often The better.

Petil. Perhaps I'll next ſend you to travail, and be ſure if I Do, you return a fine Gentleman.

Fopp. I'll do my utmoſt endeavour, Wife.

Frank. It may be, come back a verier fool than he went: I have known it ſo in ſome.

Petil. In the mean time expect my further orders -- and take a care How you tell any more tales of the Moon.

Frank. Away, away *Tom!* —— But for this accident we ſhould Not have been rid of him ſo pleaſantly.

Fopp. But I'll be in love with the Moon, in ſpight of her Teeth, if I pleaſe. [*Ex.* Fopp.

Petil. Ladies! I beg your excuſe for this paſſion of mine, tho'' tis my Fortune to have a Huſband of a more weak and impotent Sence, than ſome others in the World.

Criſp. We conceive you, Madam! ———

Eug. A few more examples of this kind were motives enough For us to uſe our Legiſlative power againſt marriage; it Makes people fall ſo foul upon one another.

Criſp. That would live kindly otherwiſe. And conſequently ſuch a Miſcheivous Conjunction,

Petil. For what concernes my intereſt in a huſband, might I Not be thought partial, I ſhould give my vote with the Firſt.

Merid. And how would you provide for love, Ladies, then. As Many years as I tell, I ſhould be loth to live without it.

Frank. God a mercy for thy Quære i'faith old boy.

Criſp. Methinks he ſhould not be one and twenty by his humour.

Eug. Bating his age, I have not known any thing more Taking.

Crisp. But for your Quare, 'tis as easily resolv'd as askt, There being many other ways to provide for the Toy you Talk of.

Petil. And may please flesh and blood as well I judge.

Crisp. Besides we women are not so little acquainted With those soft Intrigues, as to want due Caution, Without being beholding to a Matrimonial vow, which Men make no more conscience to break, than to gather Black-berries, or kindling of fire abroad, when their Own will not burn at home.

Petil. Gravely resolv'd! Here comes Our President, and other of our Magistracy. { *Enter* Serina *and other Ladies.*

Serin. I perceive by your familiarities the men have comply'd.

Merid. We dare assure it you.

Frank. In order to which, you'l soon have the acknowledgments Of our late Magistrates.

Serin. 'Tis well they have sav'd us the labour of obtaining our Rights otherwise.

Frank. What a Race of *Amazons* would these make?

Serin. Please you, to our affairs now.

Merid. But first Ladies I have a favour to entreat.

Serin. What is it?

Merid. That we joyn in a Dance, and as you have the Power Oblige us with a little of your mirth.

Serin. 'Tis something unseasonable.——But what say you Ladies?

Crisp. I am not against it.

Omn. Nor any of us.

Serin. Begin then, and take your Lady, Sir.

Merid. By your favour Madam. [Merid. *takes out* Eugenia

Frank. And I'll be here!—— [*To* Crispina.

Merid. And let the Tune be, *A merry world my Masters.*

Frank. You should have said Mistresses.

Merid. I meant as much.

Serin. For your Mirths sake you shall lead the Dance, Sir.

Merid. I acknowledg it a favour Madam.

Now Ladies you have not found Me old. [*They dance.*

Serin. You have youth in abundance still.

Eug

Eug. Wer't not for a bluſh I would ſay ſomething a little More kind.

Frank. Ladies we are yours.

Merid. And if you have ſuch another merry ſubject as My ſelf under your republick blame me for't! } *Enter a man with Stools and Table.*

Serin. Since you allow me the honour of Being your preſident, my place is here. [*Ex.* Frank Merid.

Omn. With all acknowledgment.

Serin. And what ſhall be our future Government?

Eug. Say, we elect a Monarcheſs amongſt our ſelves.

Criſp. I diſſent by your favour Madam, becauſe not ſo natural In our Sex to endure a ſuperior.

Petil. Right Madam, and the very reaſon, that induces not a few of Us To be out of love with Matrimony, which doth rather eſtabliſh The Tyranny of men, than the Law of nature.

Serin. Well ſaid, ſmart one.

Eug. And has made her Huſband ſenſibe accordingly.—(*Aſide.*

Crip. Is there not a government to be thought on, that admits neither Equal nor Superior, becauſe it is moſt natural for Us Women to endure neither.

Serin. That's Impoſſible.

1. *Lad.* I find my inclinations to Anarchy.

2. *Lad.* And why, Madam?

1. *Lad.* Becauſe moſt ſuitable to change.

Criſp. A reaſon womaniſh enough.

Serin. But that's no Government——My vote is rather For a Common-wealth, not only as it has been here before In Men, but as it brings us to a nearer equality.

Eug. But how ſhall we agree on wit, ſervants, and eſpecially Beauty, ſince the moſt capital Emulation amongſt women Is like that of the Goddeſſes, who ſhall be thought faireſt.

Serin. That we muſt take upon our ſervants word, or truſt our Glaſſes for——but what ſay you to a Common-wealth?

Criſp. I'll follow my Preſident. *Eug.* And I. *Omn.* And all.

Serin. Then from this hour begins our fair Republick.

Enter Meſſenger.

Meſſ. Some of the City deſire admittance.

Serin. They have it. [*Enter 4 or 5 Citizens.*
Your buſineſs Citizens?

1. Cit. 'Tis in the name of this City and Countrey, to preſent your Fair, and Gratious Republick, with all theſe repreſentations Of power that belong'd to us as men.

Criſp. A diſcreet Citizen! [*They deliver a Mace, Sword and Charter.*

Petil. And ſpeaks home to our purpoſe.

Serin. But for your Charter, wee'l Grace your City ſo far as to Grant a new one to your Wives.

1. Cit. Nay Ladies entitle not our wives ſupream, tho' you Command us.

2 Cit. Let us continue our Prerogatives over them we beſeech you.

Omn. How, how, how, the command of your Wives?

Petil. A very Treaſon, Preſident, that would except their Wives the moſt truſty and ſure confidents of our Government.

Omn. Away, Away!

1. Lad. You brow-Antler-men.

2. Lad. Things of more forehead than brain.

Petil. Speak againſt our Prerogative, you wagtails, to Little purpoſe!

Serin. Nay Ladies, you muſt be more moderate.

Petil. You muſt excuſe us in this caſe.

Criſp. In which conſiſts ſo eſſentially our ſupremacy.

Omn. Cit. Good Ladies hear your Preſident. (tion.

Eug. For my ſhare I'de be content with a reaſonable accommoda-

Petil. But were you a wife!

Eug. I know not how my mind might alter then.

Serin. What we may determine in this caſe, ought to be With due reſpect and caution —— and for your Wives, they May continue yours.

2. Cit. We thank your Grace.

3. Cit. A Comfortable Expreſſion!

Criſp. We do not mean abſolutely, ſo long as you pleaſe, But whilſt they pleaſe, and you deſerve their reſpects.

Petil.

Petil. And are obedient Husbands, mark that Citizens.——

Omn. Lad. There we comply.

1. *Cit.* Let me have power on mine, until she's old, I'll Desire her no longer, as I am a true Citizen of *Eutopia.*

2. *Cit.* And so of mine, whilst she is good condition'd, or honest, I ask no more.

3. *Cit.* I was marry'd but yesterday, and if you do not mitigate This decree, 'tis odds but she may long for change already, And part with me before I have had so much as the better Of her Virginity.

Serin. That were severe indeed.

Petil. Better an inconvenience, than a general mischief.

4. *Cit.* My spouse is old, and to save her a labour, I am Content to depart from her first, if your Republick Shall think fit to allow it.

Serin. I suppose you would.

Eng. But that were against charity.

Crisp. And the humanity we allow.

Eng. Right, Madam: When the flower is gone, there is no reason To cast away the root.

Petil. I rather conceive we ought to judg them old, when we Find occasion, and not they presume to censure us for being so.

Serin. Betwixt both Sexes some mean were necessary, For which you shall be referr'd to our Courts, where every Particular Case shall have due respect, and justice.

1. *Lad.* But for Alimony, in case of separation?

2. *Lad.* I suppose when that's in question the men must sue Us.

Serin. As you are Superior they must, but not be vex'd With delays by way of retaliation, as some of our Sex may pretend to have been: all cases shall have a Just and soon dispatch —— you agree Ladies?

Omn. All with our President.

Serin. So much is for your comfort, Citizens.

1. *Cit.* Since we must be overwiv'd, and top'd every way, We cannot but acknowledg it.

Omn. Cit. And so we humbly take our leaves.—— [*Ex. Citizens.*

Serin. Having thus resolv'd of our government, 'twill be Requisite to consider how we shall maintain it In relation to Peace and War.

Crisp. A necessary consideration; and no less the concern
Of our ambitions and honour.

Eug. And must we likewise in imitation of the warlike
Amazons lead our Sex to battel?

Serin. If cause require, we must.

Crisp. I hope there's none of us but dare.

1. *Lad.* Or we'll be more masculine than ever were those martial
Females, and lead the men, who shall serve as souldiers
Under us commanders.

2. *Lad.* I long to be a Captain.

Petil. I suppose I have shew'd you the way how to have the
Better of men at home, in beginning with my Husband;
Wherefore I expect no inconsiderable command otherwise.

Serin. But I hope, you'l not be oblig'd to fight; I should
Be sorry to be your leader on such an account.

Eug. And I to be a follower, though I should as unwillingly
Turn tail as any she amongst us.

Serin. Within wee'l more at large debate of this and other
Our concerns.

And by our Rule let us instruct men so,
That they may yield our vertues greatest too.

[*Ex. Omnes.*

The Third Act.

Enter Frankman *and* Featlin.

Frank. Not acknowledg'd by your Father yet?

Featl. Nor ever like, if heaven be not more my friend than he.

Frank. Who does teach repentance, he ne're means to practise:
The common road of all Hypocrisy.

Featl.

Featl. I blush for his sake.

Frank. And so do I; To see him declaim against vice, yet Privately affect it, as if there were no way to reform Prodigality, without being in love with Covetousness

Featl. Thence comes my misery and grief, for tho' his Nature be Severe, and not so good as I would wish my Father's his Covetousness does far exceed it.

Frank. A vice as universal as love, *Featlin* —— But this is such A hideous Crime, I know not what to call it in him.

Feat. My Mother dying in my Infant years, as I gather only Most unfortunate Son, He as an Example of covetousness And Cruelty in Fathers, dispos'd of me for a small summe (tho' Very young) to be brought up; and since permits me not into His sight.

Frank. And for no cause.

Featl. Not as I ever knew, or can judge any, except he has Inclination to marry, and have other issue, or else give his Estate for his future Glory to erect an Hospital, or such Like act to preserve his Memory.

Frank. He is not so charitable, and use thee thus! A parish does not 'Prentice out a Beggars child a cheaper way; or a Gentleman his by blow, lest he should blush in the Future to owne his issue —— Dost thou not know him now?

Feat. I did not until lately thev'd him, nor will he know me If he might, by any application I can gather.

Frank. What kindness has providence vouchsaf'd thee For thy subsistance hitherto?

Featl. Some Jewels, which my Mother dying committed to a hand Of trust, have been the means I do appear so like my Self; My manners I have travel'd to improve; visited Camps, and Courts abroad, as the most generous Schools Of youth —— But what will be my future destiny?

Frank. Trouble not thy self with Fate; as 'tis hidden from us, So let it take care of it self and us too, for *Frankman* Be merry, and think my Sword, purse, and best wit shall Be at thy service.

Featl. Your expressions are too great and many apply'd to Me so much a stranger to you.

Frank. I do believe it just; that's obligation to a Gentleman. Besides the Government is now the womens.

Featl.

Featl. I understand it, Sir.

Frank. Thou hast a smooth face, and the Common-wealth has
Many soft, and fair members to be laid hold on.

Featl. Some Ladies I have visited, and perhaps have my
Concerns of love besides; so farre I'll be
Ingenious with you.

Frank. And much joy may it do thy heart!
For my part, I had as leave see a Castril sport
With the Wine, as a man generous and youthful,
That has nothing to do with *Venus*. ——

Enter Meredith.

Sir *Adam Meredith*! ——
Here's a Gentleman that will deserve your acquaintance.

Merid. And is he Airy, Jocund, and gay, as his age declares him?

Frank. Doubt it not Sir, tho' at present he suffers by some concern,
You shall know more at leisure.

Merid. Why then, I embrace thee brother youth as a Socio of
My Mirth; thy father cannot wish thee better.

Featl. Would he did but as well —— A humour I have not
Observ'd at his years.

Merid. What are years to me? Tho' time has snow'd on my head,
I have a Summer in my heart, and am firm at the Center still,
Ladd.

Featl. May it continue Sir!

Frank. There's little doubt of that; 'thas been long his humour, &
Rather improves of late.

Enter Peacock *looking on himself and pruning of his Feathers.*

Frank. O! here's Peacock come again. ——

Merid. One of the newest humours extant amongst us.

Featl. I believe it.

Frank. If you knew all you'd say more —— He's in love with
Himself.

Featl. That's no great novelty, since the greatest part of mankind
Have

Have kindneſs enough for themſelves.

Frank. But he comes nearer *Narciſſus.*

Merid. Or rather exceeds him.

Frank. And as you ſee, admires his looks, his proportions, and when He has done, makes love to himſelf all over.

Featl. And to his Feathers too, methinks.——

Frank. I'll tell you what he has endeavour'd beſides; make good What I ſay, *Peacock!*

Peac. as far as theſe Feathers can fly I am at your ſervice Mr. *Frankman.*

Frank. Thou Bird of Manhood, I thank thee —— And thou haſt Been with the Artiſt I told thee off——

Peac. I have Sir.——

Frank. And has he perform'd?

Peac. To my utmoſt deſire Sir; and like a moſt ſkilful Chymiſt Has extracted the ſame man as I am -- out of me. (out

Frank. Look you there Gentlemen, he has been made twice with-Being well begotten once —— I told you there was more Miracle behind.——

Peac. By which means I am now in love with my ſelf, twice Over, (that is to ſay) I am doubly the ſame.

Frank. As two individual things may be in one, that's his Meaning!——

Featl. This is novelty indeed. (am

Merid. Our Countrey is famous for nothing ſo much, and I hope I Some part on't my ſelf, I ſhould be angry with my age other-wiſe --- and how was this effected?

Peac. Why Sir, by only bidding me blow pretty hard into a Cruciter, I think he calls it.

Frank. A Crucible——thou Coxcomb!——

Merid. And what next?

Peac. Why Sir, I infus'd ſo much of my ſelf into it, that meeting With fire and Air, artificially working together, perfected At laſt ſuch another groſs ſubſtance as I am.

Featl. This is a perfect Chymiſt I warrant him.

Frank. A Quack that I adviſ'd him to, for a little diverſion, And puniſhment of his folly together.

Peac. And more for your comforts Gentlemen, he'll make you all as Many times over, if you pleaſe. Alas! he can make men As faſt as they do Puppits; but that he is not willing

To encreaſe the price of Bread-Corn, he has told me his Mind ſo far.

Frank. And what was his price? I ſuppoſe he us'd you well.

Peac. I aſſure you Sir, This ſecond production of my ſelf ſtands Me but in twenty nobles betwixt friends.

Frank. I knew hee'd uſe you kindly.

Merid. By this good light, a man cannot get a child by the By, ſo cheap, let him uſe the beſt huſbandry he Can.

Frank. And when ſhall we ſee this other ſelf of yours?

Peac. Why Sir, ſo ſatisfie your curioſity, I will appear In my double perſon immediately.——

Merid. By any means Sir, methinks I long like a Maid in love, till I behold this prodigy.

Peac. Why Sir, I was but hard by a putting on another Habit, the Artiſt deſiring that he or I in him Might continue a ſpace with him while I was Talking with you here.

Merid. And be ſure bring this great Maſter of Art with you. I would not loſe the curioſity of ſeeing him.

Peac. I ſhall Sir, on your ſecrecy.

Merid. Fear nothing.

Frank. Nay, 'prethee diſpatch.

Peac. I ſhall Gentlemen, and if any of you have a mind to Be made once more as I am, you may have it done.

Featl. A moſt new and excellent example of ſelf-love. {*Ex.* Peac. *admiring himſelf often.*

Merid. A ſign the world and time renews again —— has not his Character been upon the Stage yet?

Frank. I believe not; Tho' the age has been ſo ranſack'd for humour, That men are in ſome fear to converſe freely, leſt they be Heard again in the next new Play.

Featl. That's ſome good fortune for him I'll aſſure you. But ſee -- here comes the man-maker. [*Enter* Orlando Curioſo.

Merid. Your name Sir?

Orlan. I am called *Orlando Curioſo*.

Featl. A very Emphatical name.

Orlan. 'Twas beſtow'd on me in *Spain*, I aſſure you Sir, as no Small honour to my Art.

Frank. Nay, 'prethee let his Denomination alone, I'd as ſoon ſtudy Arabick.

Arabick or learn his Art (that ſignifies little more than
Hard Words) as hear it twice. (works

Merid. O Sir, I remember you now, and have read your cures and
Set up like Trophies on poſts and pillars of our City;
Where amongſt other things you undertook to reduce
Age to Youth, and turn hair ſilver'd over like mine
By time, to a brown-colour, and ſoft as Goſtimores——
Is't not ſo?

Orlan. And am ready to undertake it if you'l prove my Experiments.

Merid. You ſhall excuſe me Sir, I am young enough without it,
I thank this heart of mine.

Orlan. I do ſuch like feats, with ſome negligence
Of my Art, and deeper Science, as the reſtoring of men
And women to their firſt vigor, producing of hair
As long as Perriwiggs, tho' they have ſhed from the
Skull by ſiccation, and baldneſs, or other defects above
Or below. If I look in a mouth, I know what tooth
Will decay, and the minute when, preventing it accordingly.

Frank. And what more? I know you are but on the outſide
Of your Art yet.

Orlan. If a Lady be curious & would know her fortune by her hand,
I ſpare her the labour and tell it by her eye.

Merid. A pleaſant Symptom.

Featl. And moſt poſſible of all the particulars he has nam'd yet.

Orlan. Or if ſhe have a mind to dream pleaſantly, ſhe ſhall do
It, as well at 50, as at 21. and ſo to fourſcore or upwards.
If a man or woman wear but a ring that has a ſmall
Tincture of my Art, they ſhall fall in love without being
Beholding to *Hymen*.

Frank. Why, ſo they do already, Buzzard.

Orlan. Beſides I have my ſeveral Spirits of Sulphur, Mercury
And Salt.

Frank. The laſt of which will powder Beef, will it not?

Orlan. I have printed it's uſe (amongſt others) to that purpoſe.
And for my Sulphur and Mercury, it does wonders
As ſome Gallants can witneſs.

Featl. Cures the Itch, does it not?

Orlan. And what is got by the worſt of Itches too——then for
My Spirit of Salt of the world.

Merid. A ſoul of Salt we ſhall hear of.

Frank. And not enough for the Earth to produce.

Orlan. Nor the Sea neither, together with my *Elixar proprietatis, Et procreationis.*

Frank. That's a new word, the other I have known ſold before.

Merid. But ne'er worth my buying.

Frank. No more of hard words.

Orlan. To conclude then, with the two laſt myſteries of my ſkill, I do all that can be deſir'd by men and women.

Featl. That they ſhall not decay or dye.

Enter Peacock *and* Euphorbus *dreſt like him, hugging one another.*

Orlan. The firſt I can ſay much to, & for the latter I may undertake It in time —— there is a *Paracelſian Recipe* for that, call'd *Ens naturæ*, as likewiſe how to make men (as you'l witneſs I perform) tho' not effectually practis'd by any man, Beſides my ſelf to this day.

Merid. And can you make a wiſe man out of a fool as eaſily, ſince The World does beget fools enough, without help of your Art.

Orlan. I do not ſay as eaſily, wherefore I do not care to effect many Artificial Examples of that kind, tho' nature (according to The learned) gives but one ſoul to all things in the moſt differing Bodies. If I am to deal with a wiſe man, (as our art of Chymiſtry has been beholding to ſome ſo farr as To honour it by the ruine of their eſtates) I deal one Way with him, if with a fool another; let this worthy Gentleman be my teſtimony.

Frank. A pertinent one.

And have you performed this wonderful propagation of him In ſo ſhort a time?

Orlan. I am as well prepar'd in an hour as in ſeven years.

Merid. I believe ſo. [*Aſide.*

Orlan. Not any wait, as is uſual (with Other Artiſts) on the moſt ſuperlative operation I Undertake to produce.

Reac. I will juſtifie thy Art Schollar, as I am doubly a man of

Thy

Thy making. Obſerve here, Gentlemen——

Featl. How they kiſs like Twins of two years old.

Merid. But he thinks he kiſſes himſelf all the while, that's The jeſt on't——and how many men have you made in This manner before.

Orlan. Not many Sir, or deſire it; becauſe not ſo gracious to Mankind, Who are willing to continue their natural way of Generation; Tho' I have had application made to me to that purpoſe From an Iſland newly inhabited in the Atlantick-Ocean, where They are neceſſitated (for want of people) to engender with Baboons, Drils, and Monkeys.

Featl. You are famous abroad as well as at home then?——

Orlan. As you ſee Gentlemen! Where I gain confidence and fit Inſtruments, my endeavours are not wanting.

Frank. I ſuppoſe ſo. (Diamonds;

Orlan. 'Tis not every Tree produces Cherries, nor every Quarry There muſt be a propenſity in nature to aſſiſt Art.

Frank. And theſe your examples?

Peac. O my dear ſelf, my dear ſelf! How ſhall I love Thee enough, my dear ſelf?

Featl. A pretty kind of love.

Peac. And this Eye, this Lip, this Cheek of mine, which no longing Maid living ſhall rob me of.

Frank. She were but ill ſped if ſhe did: but methinks the other Speaks not.

Eupho. Ga, ga, ga, ga, ga, ga, &c.

Orlan. But offers at it.

Eupho. Ga, ga, ga, ga, ga, ga, &c.

Frank. His name?

Orlan. He is call'd *Euphorbus*, in honour of *Pythagoras's* own Tranſmigration.

Merid. And is he to be always dumb?

Featl. A ſtill-born perhaps.

Eupho. Da, da, da, da, pa, pa, pa, pa, &c. (ally do;

Orlan. He gargles words pretty towardly already, as children uſu- In time Sir, he may ſpeak too, tho' in order of Nature, ſpeech Comes not ſo ſoon as life.

Peac. I care not much if I talk always for him, and if any body has Any thing to ſay to him, they ſhall be anſwer'd by me in him.

Merid. Ha, ha, ha--one tongue ſerve two men.

Frank. Would it might ſerve two women too, the world would Not be ſo buſy as it is.

Orlan. Gentlemen, your excuſe: my works require me.

Frank. But hark you Sir, remember you do not practiſe to make More men; for this time I'll excuſe you for Mirth's ſake. [*Aſide.*

Orlan. I underſtand you Sir. --- [*Ex.* Orland.

Enter Foppering *making of legs and looking upwards.*

Featl. Who have we here?

Frank. One that will tell you he believs as much.

Featl. But not in love with himſelf too? is he?

Frank. No, but what is worſe, dotes on his own lying, nay Sometimes will tell his tales ſo long untill he be in love With them as much as if they were truths —— after the manner Of ſome Poets, who dote on their fictions, tho' they abuſe Credibility and truth together ——— *Meridith* has heard him as Well as I.

Merid. With Admiration! { Fopp. *goes up and down looking upwards.*——

Featl. But why does he continue Looking upwards thus?

Merid. One ſeems to be in love with the Moon.

Frank. Ever ſince his Wife beat him with a ſlipper he pretended to Have found of *Cynthia's* own wearing. ——But you Shall ſoon inform your ſelf —Mr. *Foppering*?

Fopp. Cry your mercy Sir, I was very buſy.——

Frank. And have you found the other ſlipper of the Moon's yet?

Fopp. I ſhall have that or a greater favour from her.

Merid. Are you ſure on't?

Fopp. Tho' I have talk'd, or can talk as largely as you, or any Man, I'd have you to know I am ſerious now.

Merid. Very good Sir, proceed.

Fopp. And ſo I will, as ſure as ſhe put her hand out of yonder Cloud to me but juſt now.

Featl. This is a Novelty fit to embrace with theſe. { Peacock & Deuphor-

Merid. How they continue kiſſing ſtill! { buſe *embrace.*

Frank. And ſhall break their Bellies if they can with it Before I part them.

Fopp.

Fopp. If *Cynthia* be but a virgin / I say no more——

Frank. You'l have her virginity then you mean.

Fopp. Marry will I Sir, there shall be no other man in the Moon Besides my self, whatsoever the Poets my masters report Of *Pan*, *Endymion*, or any shepherd of *Arcadia*: and I Suppose a Gentleman may be allow'd as much priviledge by Her Lady-ship in point of fiction, or otherwise.

Merid. This is rarely pleasant.

Frank. And the more, because his humour does rather heighten Than decrease.

Peac. Mr. *Foppering*.

Merid. What joy here's towards. [*All three embracing.*

Fopp. Mr. *Peacock*.——

Peac. And somewhat more yours; tho' the same yours still.

Fopp. As how Sir?

Peac. Why, I am doubly made.

Fopp. By whom?

Peac. By a *Virtuoso*, an Artist, a *Paracelsian*, who has produc'd This man out of me.

Fopp. And I'll embrace your twofold self then——nay more I'll report it for a truth, and swear it when I have done. I have wanted such a story a great while——tho' I thank [*Aside.*
Heaven I have some fictions of my own.

Merid. Ha, ha, ha,—methinks I could laugh as many years More than I have liv'd, to be thus surpriz'd with humour. [*Aside.*

Frank. To which I'll undertake to adde some mirth.

Euphor. Oh, oh! that kiss was a little too hard.

Featl. He begins to speak now.

Peac. You are mistaken Sir, 'twas I in him.

Frank. Nay, friends you have hugg'd sufficiently.

Peac. Can a man make too much of himself Sir? [dance?

Frank. I think he may / What say you, if it were vary'd with a

Peac. With all my heart Sir.

Fopp. And mine, I was just thinking of it.

Euph. Ta, ta, ta, ta, ta, ta.

Featl. He could find in his heart to speak again.

Peac. Now for the dance Sir.

Frank. You'l perform that doubly too.

Peac. I'll assure you, I will; nay, I'll outdo the imitation Of *Dotterills* in my double self---- if I move

An Arm here -- I move there another-- [Euphor. *imitates him.*
If a leg, my ſame leg anſwers me again in his:
To which purpoſe you ſhall ſee me dance.

Fopp. Let me be a witneſs to this miracle I beſeech you,
Since I am not beholding to my invention for a greater.

Merid. Ha, ha, ha. There's no containing from laughter,
Was there ever ſuch an Antique as this? [Euphorbus *and* Peacock *dance.*

Featl. I think not.

Frank. Well, Gentlemen, thanks for our Mirth.

Peac. You ſhould have more, but that I have ſome deſires
To with-draw thus, and make much of my ſelf.

Fopp. And I have occaſions of ſome concern.

Frank. To know of one Almanack-maker or other when the
Moon will riſe; farewel, farewel. [*Ex.* Peac. *and* Euphor. *hugging: and* Fopp. *gazing Ex.*

Enter Sir Grave Solymour *and* Celinda, *in diſcourſe.*

Featl. Who's this, my Father leading of *Celinda*—

Merid. Sir *Grave Solymour* handing of a fair Lady. Who could
Have expected ſuch an object amongſt the reſt?

Frank. And treads with ſuch a demure Gravity as the *Spaniard*
Does, when leading his woman to the next Couch, could I
But prove him guilty of ſuch a formal tranſgreſſion.

Merid. Wee'l not interrupt them.

Frank. By no means --- but be ſure *Featlin* thou fal'ſt on the rear
Of him; I have ſomething in the wind, I'd have thee ſmell out
Further.

Featl. I conceive you Sir, though the ſight be not ſo welcome. [*Ex. ſeverally.*

Celin. All this expreſt to me Sir?

Soly. Call it my Juſtice Lady ——— who am not led by
Common appetite to admire alone the beauties of your
Face, but with it joyn your other vertues.

Celin. For your complement I muſt thank you at leaſt.

Soly. I can explain my conceptions better: I do not find that in this
Giddy world of womens rule, you have fill'd a ſeat of
Magiſtracy in ſcorn of us that govern'd, or given the buſy
Tongues of men occaſion to diſcourſe.

Celin.

Mem^dum April 14. 1763.

I read this mess of Dulness & Stupidity over, to see if there were any Allusions to it in the Duke of Buck.^ms Rehearsal but could not discover a single Reference.

D.

Celin. I live, Sir, free and innocent, I hope. [you

Soly. It ſpeaks your modeſty and ſober prudence, which renders
Fit to receive the addreſſes of my gravity, for which I'll ſo
Far reconcile unto your ſex, as to declare my ſelf your
Lover.

Celin. I will not ſay I hate you for't; nor ſhall I much deny
But that I live as you obſerve, enough reſerv'd unto my
Thoughts and privacy.

Soly. And therefore fitter that your boſome cloſe ſo grave a
Secret as my love; I would not for my wealth, the vain
And ruling women ſhould report that in this hour of their
Vanity, Sir *Grave Solymour* met with a Dart of *Cupid*,
Or were toying with a Miſtriſs, though the delights of *Venus*
Have a charm upon the ſtout, and wiſeſt hearts, as unreſiſted
By the Arm'd Souldier, as the States-man's gravity.

Celin. A Gown-man that is willing to ſteal to a Petticoat. [*Aſide.*
Well Sir; I now conceive you fully.

Soly. Do, and enjoy me ſo.

Celin. But as you are pleas'd to allow me your reſpects, and the
Attribute of being wiſe, ſo it behoves me to conſider.

Soly. What, my fair Creature?

Celin. How and when to love you?

Soly. Do my ſweet; but let the time be ſhort: Loves flames like
Fire, devour themſelves when too long ſmother'd.

Celin. Beſides our female Magiſtracy have not as yet reſolv'd
Upon their Laws of love; I ſuppoſe they intend to
Make ſome.

Soly. Let them for themſelves, but not for us, and would no
Leſs become my gravity to conſult their approbation;
Wee'l be a Common-wealth unto our ſelves, all delights
Shall flow on thee to be bought with Gold, (which I
Spare not to feed my ſecret pleaſures;) my Jewels made
Thy Ornaments and my ſelf thy greater treaſure——nay
Look not on me as I am in years, or have a wrinckle on
My brow.

Celin. That's no wonder Sir, The Fox is gray before he's good.

Soly. I can perform Lady, doubt it not.

Celin. By no means Sir——but what muſt I do to recompence
This bounty?

Soly. Love, and be ſecret.

Celin. That's in my power I confeſs——but were you us'd to
Exclaim ſo much againſt vanity, and have now ſuch an Itch towards it.

Soly. The cautious man will act, but hide his crime, 'tis wiſe
Hypocriſy; which caus'd me often to blame mens levities
And vainer inclinations which expreſs thoſe Symptomes of the
Heart ſhould be reſerv'd: 'Tis ſcandal that makes ſin, not
Sin the ſcandal. (Sir, I

Celin. A moſt ſolid piece of Lechery [*Aſide*]--I crave your pardon
Thought Sin had been ſomething more than a word.

Soly. 'Tis ſo when ſcandalous and known, that even a God was
Cenſur'd (as wiſer Poets tell) being taken in embrace:
Nature invites to ſecrecy, and all her operations acteth ſo,
Which does inſtruct the cautious Deer to guide his ſoft and
Amorous Hine unto ſome Covert to be there enjoy'd.

Celin. [illegible]tious way of concupiſcence [*Aſide.*]--well Sir, I perceive
You want [illegible] manhood, and I'll touch it to the quick.

Soly. With all my heart Lady.

Celin. Then ſoberly thus, were you ever married?

Soly. Some long time paſt.

Celin. And have you not a Son?

Soly. I think I had one.

Celin. And is he living?

Soly. I wiſh him ſo——and that's ſome bleſſing: I never did affect
To dally with my Cradle, or the permitting of the expence
That youth requires, parents that love themſelves know
How to be more provident; like to the Bird that early
Does diſcharge her young ones from her care, and neſt that bred
Them——ſome ſmall proviſion I have allow'd his education,
And leave the reſt unto his wit and fortune.

Celin. A ſober ſort of ill nature---nor would you ſee him, perhaps
Don't know him now.

Soly. Some Sixteen years have been elapſed ſince I beheld
Him young, and ſooner would I keep my Coffin in my
Sight than him that hopes to be made happy by my death;
Or with an evil eye, behold the riches I poſſeſs, of which
He is not to partake; nay more, perhaps might envy or
Oppoſe my will and choice, or think my love and bounty is
Too great, although it purchaſe ſuch an object as your ſelf.

Celin. Perhaps he might.

Soly. Let theſe aſſure you! [*Offers her a Neck-Lace.*

They

They are bright and Orient.

Celin. No Sir, you ſhall keep your ſtones for ſome other time or Service! tho' I know well a preſent is one of the firſt, and moſt Conſiderable Expreſſions 'twixt ſervant and Miſtriſs——you are not In haſte I know.

Soly. No more, than what is proper for our loves, and hope you'l Soon deſerve this, or a richer favour.

Celin. When I do, I ſhall expect it.

Soly. I like this anſwer well--and I'll be no leſs ſparing of my Coſt When I have enjoy'd her--a feat our Gallants practiſe [*Aſide.* Often ——— But Lady, loves time is not ſo ſlow as that We tell, and all his Counſels like his acts ſhould be ſwift And pleaſant; too long a froſt's unpleaſant to the ſpring.

Celin. The day is not far ſpent, altho' the firſt that dates Our body politick ——ſome buſ'neſs does require me; Within an hour; you'l know more of my compliance.

Soly. Till when farewel: and remember 'tis loves prudence to Be ſecret.

Celin. Doubt it not Sir. [*Ex.* Solymour. Well polititian, if I do not fit your hot deſires For this, may I loſe my virginity to a Conſtable.

Enter Featlin.

Mr. *Featlin*! you are come according to my wiſh, I Have ſuch news to tell you.———

Feat. As how prethee?

Celin. Why, I have ſuch an intereſt in your father to do you Service, thou could'ſt not have wiſht the like.

Featl. Perhaps I ſhould not——— (wanted

Celin. Thou would'ſt, ſince 'twill aſſure his favour, and what is More by the conſiderable part of his eſtate.

Featl. It muſt be a ſtrange Artifice can have the better of his Severity and covetouſneſs.

Celin. Leave it to me, I'll make him plyant as the Glove I wear, Be aſſur'd on't, as I wiſh thee well.——

Featl. I hope thou doſt ——But by what means?

Celin. By a common and eaſy Method, why man he loves m——and the Abominably.

Featl. Is that a way to cure my sufferings? which must give a greater Wound, my fathers love to rival mine; all my afflictions Summon'd could not have equall'd this.

Celin. Be not suspicious but expect the end, 'tis that compleats An action.

Featl. I fear too soon.

Enter Serina, Eugenia, Crispina, Petilla, *with two other Ladies.*

Celin. But see, we are interrupted; I must apply my Self to our female Polititians.

Featl. Celinda! -- false unto my Love -- 'twere strange, [*Aside.* But Riches are too oft Precedent when they Rival want, —— Or perhaps some Stratagem only of her wit, and so would Hold my thoughts suspended —— I know not what to judge.

Serin. Madam, we expected your assistence [*Ex.* Featlin. In our Councels.

Celin. Some affairs requir'd my absence which I hope you'l Pardon, nor do I want desires to serve the interest of Our fair Re-publick.

Serin. We doubt it not —— but now we are on a point Deserves it most, I mean of Love.

Celin. A most necessary consideration.

Crisp. In order to which, I think fit it should be enacted that No man presume to make love first, except he be Commission'd by our Re-publick for that purpose.

Petil. A just motion, and becomes our superiority.

Eug. But where's our Modesty, if we begin to woe?

Petil. That's to be no Clause in our Act.

1. *Lad.* Nor need it be our concern —— there are some of us Can be as bold and ne'er blush for't.

Crisp. Besides there is some state in restraining the bold Presumptions of men, in making their addresses To us with their caps, and knees, and frivolous [illegible]rvices; that we are sometimes not a little vex'd with [illegible]eir importunities, and our habitations as much troubl'd [illegible]h these Spirits of love, as Women of pleasure are, [illegible]t have too frequent visits from our Town Hectors.

Serin.

Serin. There is some weight in this consideration.

Celin. And will save fools the labour of making love.

Petil. Would I had prevented the *Fopp* my Husband That way too —— but as the case stands, I do well Enough.

1. *Lad.* I am for't —— 2. *Lad.* —— And so am I.

Eug. And I indifferent.

Celin. And so in hats, and feathers, a wooing shall we?

1. *Lad.* And boots and spurs too, if occasion requires; I'll have some in readiness on purpose.

2. *Lad.* And so have I.

Serin. But Ladies a little moderate this decree, and as men Have had the superiority in love, and marriage; let Them be the first Movers still, and you the last.

Omn. No, no, wee'l begin and end too.

Celin. A Common-wealth of love towards indeed.

Serin. But if this violence continue I shall be soon Weary of my office.

Petil. Then for another consideration, of which we Wives are Not a little sensible —— which is, the Abilities of men.

Serin. How mean you, Madam?

Petil. I mean internal, and external, I have some reason To move for both.

Celin. As likewise a Consideration of the old, and fusty pieces Of antiquity, who have such reliques of their sinful Youth, as they will offer at love in spight of nature.

Petil. Out upon 'em, let's banish them our Common-wealth.

Eug. That were too extreme as the other's immodest.

Petil. By your favour no more, than if I bargain for a pair Of Gloves, I look whether they are handsome and well Made; or on a horse, and consider whether he be sound Of wind and limb: besides, Innumerable objections Which are not convenient, or decent to be made, but as We give private Judgment.

1. *Lad.* Besides that, it is a just retaliation of the Intrigue which men are bold to hold with our Waiting-women and Chamber-Maids, to discover If possible, our least imperfections.

2. *Lad.* As whether we have sweet Breaths, good teeth, and the Hair that we wear our own, or in what part

Wanted, nay will queſtion our very complexions too,
That we cannot uſe a ſmall *Fucus* without their diſcourſe
And Cenſure, and ſo have a Jury of their wits ſit upon
Every feature about us.

Petil. Perrhaps Lampoon us and our Huſbands when they have Done.

Criſp. In ſo much as we cannot receive Court-ſhips, keep our Decorums, formalities, and ſtate, as we ſhould do.

Petil. Or be ſuffer'd to grow old in quiet for them.

Eug. That's a hard caſe believe me.

Petil. A moſt inſupportable one.

Serin. Ladies, this is too womaniſh, and violent--let me moderate.

Petil. I could find in my heart not to hear reaſon in their Behalf.

1. *Lad.* Nor I, except I like it, or ſuch as may be ſuperſeded By our wills, when we find occaſion.

2. *Lad.* Spoke like a Common-wealths woman.

Criſp. Nay we muſt hear our Precedent.

Eug. By any means.

Serin. Then mark what I propoſe —— ſay, we appoint women Commiſſioners, who ſhall ſatisfie your deſires with Prudence and modeſty.

Petil. That word Modeſty may be prejudicial.

Serin. I mean ſuch as ſhall paſs due Cenſure on the humours, Inclinations and other qualifications of men; giving us Information accordingly.

Criſp. This ſounds diſcreet.

Eug. And of Latitude enough.

Petil. I was never againſt it.

Omn. Nor I, nor I, nor I.

Serin. And ſo give us a liſt of thoſe who are fit to make love, Marry, or continue ſtill *Platonicks*.

Criſp. For *Platonicks*; my vote is to ſtrike them out of The Particular, as Drones that would have the Hony Of Courtſhip and do nothing for it.

Omn. By any means.

Serin. They ſhall be excepted then —— and for the reſt wee'l Have our inquiries that ſhall be ſufficient.

1. *Lad.* Let it be effectuall, and ſpeedy.

Serin. It ſhall be done to day, though the firſt of our

Govern-

Government.

Omn. To day, to day, to day.

Serin. And the last of my being your Precedent, Ladies,
If this mood hold. [*Ex. Omnes.*

The Fourth Act.

The Scene opens with two Pillars with decrees on them on both sides the Stage.

Enter Sir Adam Meridith *and* Frankman.

Merid. WEll, *Frankman*, here are pretty decrees legible: I
Believe we have yet a more jocund world towards--
[*Observes the pillars.*

Frank. Let it come and welcome; but methinks this clause sticks
In a tender place of me, *Meridith*: not to make love
Without a dispensation; or except such as are pleas'd to be our Mrs.
First, I did not expect such limitations from this fair (give the onset
Re-publick.

Merid. Better, and better, by my love and manhood, to see them
Bestow their addresses first, and Cry, Your humble Lady ready
To serve you, how well you look to day, would I might
Be so happy to be preserv'd in your thoughts, and the like
Dallyings we use to them, which will be such a pleasant
Inversion of our amours, there's nothing can parallel it.——

Frank. Nay, I believe 'twould puzzle a better Poet than ever writ
Of the Art of loving: for my part, if we 'scape a Jury of
Women with Spectacles commission'd to make a survey of
Us naked, 'Tis more than I look for.

Merid. Let the *Bona Robas* do what they please, I am without and
Within the same.

Frank.

Frank. There's no ſuperiority to be exp.&ed but lying uppermoſt,
And that I ſuppoſe they will allow us.

Enter Polidor.

Mer. Who have we here?

Frank. The noble *Polidor*——but the world's alter'd ſince he left
Us a Common-wealth of men.

Merid. Moſt noble Sir! your arrival's welcome here.

Frank. Exceeding welcome!

Polid. I thank you kindly —— and ſince I parted from this
Country on the publick ſervice, I find our State
Has ſuffer'd no ſmall Metamorphoſis in changing of
Our Sex that govern'd.

Frank. They claim'd it as their right.

Polid. I think they might, although we have but few
Records can ſhew the practiſe, which tells us that
The women of this age have more confidence than their
Sex had formerly.

Merid. For my part Sir, I could not find in my heart to
Conteſt againſt the government of Ladies. ——

Frank. Beſides here was ſuch a Caterwauling with the whole ſex,
And their Talons of power ſo egregiouſly manifeſted
On ſome viſages of our over-wiv'd Citizens, till they yielded
Their Necks to their Yoak, that there was no withſtanding. ——

Polid. I cannot blame them to ſubmit, if the aſſault was ſo
Fierce.

Frank. Many of us could not chuſe but ſmile, and let it paſs.

Merid. And I amongſt the reſt; tho' the experience I have had
In the world might prompt me otherwiſe, the youth I
Find about me did forbid it.

Polid. You preſerve your franck humour ſtill, Sir?

Merid. Rather encreaſe it —— I ſhould be loth that in the laſt
Scene of my life whenſoever it comes, my ſpirits ſhould
Fall.

Polid. And who are the moſt remarkable Politicians? (cities.

Frank. Why, every mans Wife and Daughter in their ſeveral capa-

Polid. Their Huſbands cannot chuſe but farewel then.

Frank. I ſuppoſe they have not beheaded any of them yet,
Though

Though they make bold to cut off their intails. It may be
They will draw up new Indentures with others ſhortly if
Cauſe require.

Polid. A ſtrange revolution of things.

Merid. To which purpoſe I expect love ſhould be made to
My ſelf by ſome of them.

Polid. Are they to begin then?

Frank. 'Tis a Decree fix'd here, and in moſt Streets; at one
Of which places I obſerv'd a woman pictur'd in a hat
And Feather, Booted, and Spurr'd, ready to take her wooing
Progreſs.

Merid. And was it not pleaſant?

Polid. As a Novelty I confeſs, and 'tis odds but ſome of them
Will put on Arms, and make War ſhortly.

Merid. Were not our men too kind to give them the trouble.

Polid. Or for want of enemies fight with one another.

Frank. Such as take upon them to be the chief Patroneſſes of
Their Re-publick are the Ladies, *Serina*, *Criſpina*, *Eugenia*.

Polid. *Serina* too! I thought ſhe had been without this ambition.

Frank. Some did expect as much, but Power has no few Idolaters of that Sex amongſt their other ſuperſtitions.

Polid. How does ſhe carry it?

Frank. With moderation becoming a Lady of her Birth, and in
All extreams as much as in her lies tempers the reſt. In
So much that were this monſtrous Democracy of ours
Transform'd into Monarchy, ſhe might deſerve to be
A partaker in the Throne.

Polid. It ſpeaks her worth.

Enter Serina *and* Celinda.

Here Comes *Serina*.

Frank. And with her *Celinda*, an ingenious Lady.

Polid. In ſome diſcourſe, wee'l wait their leiſure— [*Whiſper.*

Serin. Is't poſſible he ſhould attempt your vertue?

Celin. With as much zeal as if I had ſpread my Art for him.

Serin. And yet would have the world believe otherwiſe,
Which gain'd him ſuch an exemplary repute
Of a ſober Magiſtrate with the vulgar.

Celin. But Madam, there are many Mansions of Hypocrisy
With such Polititians as are, or would be in power,
While Covetousness or some few Grains of amorous
Concupiscence betrays their frailty: Let the world be govern'd
By Common-wealths, or Princes, 'tis odds that one or both
Of these vices will have some Predominance.

Serin. I hope 'twill not be so, whilst Women rule; besides this
Action of Sir *Grave Solymour* offends the law we have
Establish'd, which says, that men should not begin their
Courtships to us.

Celin. And especially when they offer them the wrong way; could
I devise some just punishment for him, I hope the Act
Would be excus'd by our Re-publick.

Serin. It shall have my vote at least —— if not to inlarge
It, if Cause shall require.

Celin. That does my bus'ness.

Serin. I perceive that *Polidor*'s return'd.

Celin. But this day —— By your leave Madam. —— [*Ex.* Celinda.

Polid. *Serina*, I was just wishing an opportunity to wait
On you, which you now prevent.

Serin. I am little more reserv'd than when I saw you last.

Polid. But power in women, as well as love, will have its
Distance.

Serin. I never acted yet the Tyrants part, nor shall begin
With you.

Polid. I know you are Gracious.

Serin. Such thoughts can only elevate the mean of Man-kind
That forget themselves and duties when rais'd to greatness;
I do not curle a lock the more because our Sex does
Govern —— And so farwell Sir. — [*Offers to go out.*

Merid. Short and sweet. [*To* Frankman.

Frank. But I hope 'twill not end so.

Polid. Nay Madam! you must not part thus —— you'll
Remember I am *Polidor*.

Serin. And that's as much as I think fit to do at this time,
If you offer more, you know our Law — [*Offers to go again:*

Polid. By your fair self. [*He stays her.*

Serin. Take heed Sir how you swear, we have lately made a Law
Against Lovers Oaths, and Perjuries ——— but to assure you I
Forgive you —

Polid.

Polid. May I have your hand for't.

Serin. Yes, and lead me by it--but if you offer at love-- [*Ex.* Serin. [*and* Polid.

Frank. I hope she'l save him the labour and begin,
According to our new mode of wooing.

Merid. If she does not doe as much as that comes to,
She's not such flesh and blood, I take her for.

Frank. Her Extraction's eminent, and his (if well examin'd)
From our antient Stock of Princes, and should they
But mix souls kindly, what a change might this
Various state of ours receive?

Merid. As I wish men and women well, it should have
My consent. [*Enter* Peacock *in haste.*

Peac. By your favours Gentlemen!

Merid. Oh, Mr. *Peacock*; is it you? and where's your other Self *Euphorbus*?

Frank. Perhaps he has made his transmigration into
Some other body already.

Peac. I left him Sir behind (that's I in him) to deliver a
Message, I thought fit to express my self.

Frank. Such a Consubstantian as this would exceed all Pythagorical wonder, and belief.

Peac. But to be serious.

Frank. And such a jest present as thy self.

Enter Euphorbus.

Merid. O here comes his other Manhood.

Peac. By your leave a little Gentlemen, I must
First make much of my absent self before I
Acquaint you with my buf'ness. [*Hugs him.*

Merid. Was there ever such a hugging as this?

Euph. O, O, O,——my Mouth, my Eye, my Ear will be kiss'd off.

Frank. And 'twere in his belly, I dare say hee'd digest it.

Merid. Did you not hear his tonge wagg even now?

Peac. Who! I hear my self! I hope I do.——

Frank. And so bitterly, that I believe there's Tears in's eyes yet.

Peac. I'd have you to know, I am no whining Lover, tho' this
Be my self Lover.

Merid. This had been a humour to have entertain'd *Democritus.*
Frank. Or rather that other Philoſopher that wept for the folly of men.
But Sir —— to your deſire, we are in haſte.
Peac. And mine is a nimble queſtion ——I deſire to be reſolv'd
Whether in this womaniſh ſtate of ours (as I would be
Some Novelty amongſt the reſt) you hold it requiſite that
We who are two in one ſhould make love together
Likewiſe.
Frank. A very pertinent queſtion!
Merid. And would put the moſt ſerious Ladies of our Countrey
To a ſmile to anſwer.
Frank. In my judgment your beſt way will be to make
Your applications to that Sex, who can better reſolve you:
Though I believe if you can make your double unity
Good, you may not be unwelcome to ſome.
Peac. Suppoſe then you were the Lady, I would kiſs
My hand thus--and ſo in him.—— [*Both kiſs.*
Then ſir, when I preſume to the Cheek, as I do
To yours. [*Offers to kiſs* Frankman.
Frank. Hold, hold I prethee.
Peac. And for this old Youths likewiſe, ——I would do thus!
Merid. And ſhalt for that word, and welcome too, if there were
Ten of thee more. [Meridith *lets him kiſs him.*
Frank. Away, away, that I may wipe my mouth
In quiet.
Peac. And if I meet with an Amour I will kiſs her as I am
One, and for the reſt I will perform it as I am two, that
Is to ſay twice in once.—— *Ex.* Peac. Euphor.
Merid. Well, *Frankman*, thou haſt been a little guilty
With this Mountebanck *Virtuoſo* of this extravagancy.
Frank. I confeſs it, being willing to inflict ſome puniſhment
On his folly, it being a Sin that is ever beſt corrected
By it ſelf.

Enter Solymour *in haſte.*

Merid. See here comes Sir *Grave Solymour*: -- with his Codds
Head in querpo——one that I abominate as my
Antipathy in Age, or a Satyr againſt mirth.

Frank.

Frank. I conceive you —— and tho' he ſeems in haſte
Shall we ſtay him, and teaſe him a little?

Merid. Till he fret himſelf to death, for *Meridith.*

Frank. You ſhall give the firſt onſet, Sir *Adam.*

Merid. Content, content. [Merid. *ſtays* Solymour.
And whither in ſuch haſte good Grave Sir.

Soly. I ſuppoſe you have nothing to do to examine me.

Merid. Not your buſ'neſs if I could gueſs it. However I'll
Preſume to tell you that I wonder you have not yet
Took up your ſtand under one of yonder pillars,
And there made your exclamations againſt vanity, where
I aſſure you Sir, are things worth your peruſal.

Soly. I know it, I know it; but impoſe not on my thoughts
At this time!

Frank. There's not ſuch a contrariety betwixt any of the Elements
As is in the diſpoſitions of theſe two pieces of Antiquity,
And no leſs pleaſant to obſerve. [*Aſide.*

Merid. By my troth Sir, but that you are a man of patience,
I might have expected you had come to have hang'd
Your ſelf yonder.—— [*pointing to the Pillars.*

Soly. Good Sir, leave me, I have urgent occaſions.

Merid. I mean to give you Counſel for your good, Sir.

Soly. Me Counſel, Sir?

Merid. I ſay you, Sir,—and tell you plainly the dangers you may
Incurre, if you do not immediately lay aſide your ſtiff
Formality, ſet ſpeeches againſt Sin; in order to your
Conformity with our female Government.

Soly. I will be chang'd into an *Hermophrodite* rather,
And be ſlave to both Sexes at once——but I remember
I am in haſte, Sir.

Merid. But take good ſpeed along with you Sir, and as you
Are kind to your ſelf, be gay, ſportly; Hawk, Hunt,
Sing, Dance, and ſtrive to cut Capers, as I can, and will
To inſtruct you——[*He Capers*] No: *Frankman*
Do thou give him t'other heat ——— I know thy wit is ready
On all occaſions.

Frank. To ſave your Lungs a labour, Sir, I'll do my beſt.

Soly. Another Comical Satyriſt to fall on me?

Frank. You may make Mirth on't, if you pleaſe, Sir.

Soly. What do you mean by thus irritating me Mr. *Frankman?*

Or has any of the Predominant Ladies
Given you commiſſion to abuſe me.

Frank. So Grave a man as you are, reſtrain'd from the Enjoyments of fleſh and blood ——— I cannot blame you to be mov'd Sir, nay though You curs'd a little, I think the Crime might be Forgiven you.

Soly. Rather let us pray for them.

Frank. You mean as ſome Profeſſors do, whoſe Satyrical Devotion may paſs for Execration and pray'r together.

Soly. Good Sir, no more.

Frank. In the mean time, give me leave to hint you a little.

Soly. Hint me to pray, Sir.

Frank. Only ſome general notions to be added to your Letany.

Soly. So you will ceaſe this moleſtation of me, I am Content that you Curſe, nay Curſe effectually all Woman Kind.

Frank. Of this Common-wealth you mean?

Soly. Not one to be exceped ——— but ſuch I deſign To enjoy. ——— [*Aſide.*

Frank. As for example, that to ſpight their future pleaſure There might be no procreation with their help: But rather that poſterity might be continu'd as eaſily As Fly-blowings, or come together by chance like *Epicurus*'s Atoms —— this had been an execration on Their Re-publick indeed.

Soly. Enough, enough, Sir.

Frank. Or in ſtead thereof (if you think fit) that every member Of it be debauch'd by the men they govern —— have I hit you there Sir?

Soly. As it is their deſert I comply —— Let that ſuffice at This time, I beſeech you.

Frank. You have done pretty well I confeſs.

Soly. I know it, nor ſhall it be mention'd to your prejudice By me, and ſo farwell Grave Sir.

Merid. This Scene of vexation was pleaſant.

Frank. I had ends in't: come, I'll tell thee more as we walk, And next to acquain *Featlin.* —— [*Ex.* Frank. *and* Merid.

Soly. I cann't but ſmile in ſpight of my temper To think how this Satyrical compliance of

Mine againſt women, will render me unſuſpected
In my Amorous deſign —— He that knows not
How to diſſemble, knows not how to live, was a
Wiſe Apothegme of the Antients; and I'll adde, to
Love with dexterity and free from the Scandal of
Tongues: He that purchaſes a Miſtreſs, buyes love at
His own rate, but he that marries, rather ſells him-
ſelf —— *Celinda* muſt be juſt, and no leſs private
In my reception; ſince beneficial Intereſt does
Oblige it, the ſureſt tye of love; which muſt yield
Me a revengful pleaſure in the enjoyment
Of ſo fair a member of this Anti-common-wealth.
But yet methinks I find ſome fears about me,
Like a man that intends a theft within ſight of
The Gallows.—
But here ſhe is--Poſts by
Your leave.

Enter Celinda *vail'd, but puts it up when ſhe ſees Sir* Solymour.

Celin. Diſpatch Sir, diſpatch.

Soly. I was haſting to thee, but that I met with an Interruption, I could have curs'd by the way—
And are we ſecure and quiet?

Celin. Without noiſe ſo much as the falling of a Mouſetrap.

Soly. Excellent, fair one, I thank my ſtars and thee.

Celin. And I mine as much, for conſpiring to do our loves Juſtice, I'll lead you the way.

Soly. To a part of thy bed I hope.

[*Enter* Featlin *obſerving.*

Celin. You are right Sir, but it ſhall receive
You by day to avoid ſuſpicion.

Soly. A ſafe device—Come, thou ſhalt be my downe there,
I need no other ſoftneſs — my Imagination's on
Fire till I enjoy thee.—

[*Ex.* Soly. *and* Celin.

Featl. It muſt be ſhe; I know it by her voice--and in
My Fathers hand, in whoſe addreſs to her conſiſts
A higher injury than my being ſo long neglected and
Forgotten in his thoughts,-- what's my Misfortune!

Enter

Enter Frankman.

Frank. O here's *Featlin!* What in a fit of Melancholly! And in such days as these! fy man -- fy --

Featl. O that Father of mine.

Frank. Would he were marry'd to a Gypsy, provided his Estate were thine.

Featl. I thought my afflictions gentle, until confirm'd That *Celinda* did receive his addresses.

Frank. But I have turn'd the tide I warrant thee, and put him In such a hideous apprehension of the Superscription of these objects, and his danger, [*Points to the Pillars.* That hee'l as soon hang on one of them as proceed, For thy further security; and so aggravated the matter, As I made him as good as curse Mothers, Wives, and Daughters, together with their whole Re-publick.

Featl. But what's all this to me, when this very minute He was receiv'd by *Celinda.*

Frank. Art' sure on't?

Featl. Or my Sense fails me.

Frank. And did I hope! If not, the Common-wealth of *Jury* Had never such a Pharisee, and Publican together as He is.--

Enter Waiting Woman.

Featl. I wish I could deny it justly.

Wom. Mr. *Frankman* and Mr. *Featlin*, My Lady *Celinda* Desires the presence of you both, with what speed You may, in her Lodgings.

Frank. What's the bus'ness?

Wom. A Womans, you know what that means.

Frank. Then 'tis love.

Wom. And marriage together it may be. Sir *Grave Boy mour* was just ending with a Sack-possit As I came to you.

Featl. Did not I tell you?

Frank.

Frank. A mischief on her if it prove true, *Featlin.*
Wom. You'l be there Gentlemen?
Frank. 'Tis like we may.
Wom. And if you please, invite some other of your friends.
Frank. This is strange! and yet methinks I [*Ex. Wai. Woman.*
Like well that we are to be present ——Courage
Featlin; there must be good some way or other
Towards thee.
Featl. I know not what to think!
Frank. Celinda's wife, and love has many Intrigues; think
No more, but follow me.—— [*Exeunt both.*

The Scene opens and discovers a Bed.

Enter Sir Grave Solymour.

Soly. HEre lyes *Celinda*, the treasure of whose beauty
I must now possess, and 'tis my riches she'd enjoy: but
I'll deceive her there: however Gold I thank thee; thou
Art indeed the God of love, and Poets did mistake thy
Charmes, whilst they forgot in thy refulgent shape to
Paint their *Venus* and their *Cupid*; since thou can'st
Beauty win to be thy prostitute, and vertue captive tho' [Moor
Immur'd like *Danaa*--she stirs--and I must stir her [*moves in the Bed.*
Too.——Ly thou there--Gown—— [*pulls off his Gown.*
And with thee I put off my gravity.
The Monarch or the Magistrate can keep but little
State in these enjoyments, where the Peasant and the beggar's
Part's the same with theirs,
Since 'tis our natures highest Comedy—— { *As he undraws the Cur-*
Ha! my hopes are blasted in this spectacle. { *tains, the* Moor *puts*
[*forth her head.*
Some evil Spirit or Devil to punish my Hypocrisy:

Enter Frank. Merid. *and* Featlin.

What ſhall I do to ſecure my ſhame and ſafety?

Frank. You need not fear Sir, and ſo many of your friends Ready to ſerve you.

Merid. I am glad of this, I'faith, Sir *Solymour*, I ſee you can Be amorous at your years as well as I at mine.

Soly. Was there ever ſuch an unwelcome ſalutation. Oh my Torment!--

Moor. I wonder Gentlemen! by what authority you preſume To diſturb our intended embrace.

Soly. This is no dumb Devil I perceive —— [*Aſide.*

Moor. For my part I'd have you to know, I mean nothing But what is honourable to this worthy Knight; as I Hope to be my Lady *Solymour*, 'tis true Gentlemen.

Soly. How! my Lady! Night-hag.

Frank. It ſeems a contract.

Featl. And wanted nothing but conſummation.

Moor. Which you have rudely hinder'd, I thank you.

Merid. Nay, you ſhall compleat your buſ'neſs if you Pleaſe, the World knows I never lov'd to ſpoil Sport.

Soly. As you are men, have ſo much mercy on me As to permit I 'ſcape out of this ſnare I am Got in.

Frank. That's impoſſible! the Doors are all lock'd Or guarded.

Featl. And by women too!

Soly. What would you have Gentlemen, I confeſs my Folly deſerves a Curſe as lowd as all their Tongues Can expreſs together.

Frank. Perhaps they may teaze you a little.

Merid. Or meet in a full cry of their body politick, That were ſport indeed.

Frank. And Lady you had beſt be ready to receive them.

Moor. I ſhall, Sir, with all expedition. —— *She conveys her ſelf out of the bed.*

Enter

Enter Foppering *with his half-Moon on his head.*

Frank. Here comes *Tom Foppering*, I took a courſe he
Should not fail.

Soly. He come too?

Merid. No leſs than the man in the Moon I aſſure you Sir.

Soly. Good Sir, what has the earth or I to do with him
Then, let him go to his fellow ſubjects in t'other World
I beſeech you.

Frank. Now it works.

Featl. I hope to good purpoſe.

Frank. And canſt thou make good this fiction?

Fopp. A fiction Sir! upon my ſincerity a miracle.

Frank. And ſhall we take thy word for it?

Fopp. If you know where to have a better proof for a
Miracle than ones word comes to, you may get it
Where you can, however you ſhall have no more
For this.

Frank. Come to an end, *Tom.*

Fopp. Why I'll tell you Sir, as you know I wiſh her highneſs
Well, and ſo forth.

Merid. The ſtory of her ſlipper we have heard already; but this
Of her face ſhould imply a greater Prodigy.

Fopp. To tell you true Gentlemen, as I was now calculating
Her motions from the top of my houſe, ſhe was
Pleaſ'd to ſlip off this face of hers and put it upon mine,
In the ſame manner you ſee it.

Merid. An Aſtronomical Liar too!

Frank. There are none greater, if their calculations were well
Obſerv'd.

Fopp. Since *Copernicus* his time or before ſhe hath not vouchſaf'd
Such a favour to any man ——As I hope to finiſh the
Other part of her calculation, 'tis true Sir.

Merid. Let me never know mirth if I believe thee not in that.

Frank. And then you are to receive the other
Part of her face, are you not?

Fopp. What elſe Sir?

Frank. How like you this Dialogue Sir *Solymour*?

Soly. Would I were not the greater Fool.——

Fopp. Joy, joy, transcendent joy, Sir; you are wish'd it both
By the Moon and I abundantly.

Soly. What do you mean Bedlam?

Fopp. To salute your happy inclinations; I did not believe
That so Grave a man as your self would have honour'd
Love, these days of frailty —— but since you are
In that predicament. ——

Soly. What then Sir?

Fopp. Why, I have put on my Moon as you see on purpose
To wait on you.

Soly. Gentlemen, perswade his Silence —— I shall be mad too
Else, before he has done with me.

Frank. 'Tis impossible, he will have his run.

Fopp. Besides my design in giving you a visit at your lodging
With four Drums, six Trumpets, and a Consort of 22 Violins
With Flutes, Recorders and Dulcimores.

Soly. To be bated thus with a Lunatick! A cry of Hounds
Were Musick to't.

Fopp. And next, Sir, I will have a Ballad sung on
This subject to salute your Love, and you, in the morning,
I know a ten Groat Poet shall compose it.

Soly Methinks your years should teach you Compassion.

Merid. Who! I, old Sir! who has youth then?---- go on a little
For that Ladel.——

Enter Moor *dress.*

Featl. No Sir, here's one shall divert him —— The Lady, Sir.——

Soly. This entrance is worse than all the rest.

Fopp. As I am a servant of the Moons, and she a Lady of the
Night and love, I wish you happy.

Moor. I thank you Sir, Though I could desire of Heaven
(might it be granted) that my complexion were some-
What more Grateful, to this Knight my Lover.

Soly. O Monstrous! she calls me Lover too!

Frank. And you'l prove her to want no flame
I'll warrant her: There's *Æthiopia* Sir on t'other
Side of the Tropick you are to pass.

Featl. I have heard those Sun-burnt females are most Delicious in embrace.

Soly. Are they so Sir?

Merid. And have the spring within them, though they want It without.—

Frank. If you get a Mag-py Child (as there may be some Danger) I'll invite my self Gossip.

Enter Petilla, Celinda *and two Ladies more.*

Merid. And I your Partner.

Moor. I thank you Gentlemen!

Soly. If you have mercy and are men, spare me.

Fopp. Then for her Complexion, it resembles my Mistriss The Moon's, when in an Ecliptick Conjunction. For which cause I like it better than that white Meager Face of my Wives.

Petil. Do you so, Sir?

Soly. These she Teazers come to encrease the Cry,

Celin. Contain! let me perswade you. } Fopp. *plays at bo-*

Petil. You shall till convenient time. } *peep behind them.*

Fopp. Let me skreen my self behind you Gentlemen By turns.

Frank. But take care your Moon be not seen.

Fopp. I'll do my endeavour, Sir.

Petil. And for you most abominable Sir, an infringer of Our most sacred law of love by making your Lascivious attempt on this Lady.

1. *Lad.* Putting aside the punishment you deserve in being a Sober ill example, like a malicious secluded member Of our late Government.

Celin. As also of a Hyppocrite and Sinner together.

2. *Lad.* And more ill natur'd and Covetous than a Jew of Our new Synagogue.

Celin. Then for a Father, I'll witness, he is little Inferior to *Herod.*—

Soly. What a Nest of Hornets have I stir'd?

Petil. For which you are censur'd by our body politick To espouse this beautiful Black, which the hand

Of Fortune presents to your embrace.

Soly. O me! the stings of all your Satyrs meet in this.——— Did you say, marry her?

Celin. Or which is all one, you are concluded Man and Wife Already.

Featl. That was the Close I look'd for.

Frank. I conceive thee.

Soly. Is there no remedy?

1. *Lad.* Not except you hang your self.

Soly. Madam, I must thank you for this.

Celin. I did it to have you beholding to me As you'l find; in the mean time, to deceive the Deceiver has some excuse.

Soly. Well, *Solymour*, it has been thy fate, notwithstanding All thy policy, to heighten the part of a cautious Coxcomb.

Frank. And so I give you joy.

Merid. And I by my Manhood could bestow some Capers On this day of *Hymen*.

Soly. I'll excuse your Mirth, Sir.

Moor. Ladies, I thank your justice.

Soly. Impudent above her complexion too.

Petil. But it must not end thus——and have I found you--thou Moon Calf———thou? [*To* Fopp.

Fopp. Save me Ladies, and Gentlemen——— or as thou art A good Common-wealth's Woman have mercy on A Citizen.

Petil. Were I not so, you should feel my Fingers!——

Fopp. Oh, Oh, Oh.

Petil. You should Sir.—— [*She pinches him.*

Fopp. I do, I do! nothing but the fingers of a Fairy Could pinch so deep.

Petil. Indeed Sir.

Fopp. Good Queen *Mabb* spare me.——

Petil. Must I be a Lady of Dominion and have a Husband Call'd the man in the Moon, must I?—— [*She pulls off his Moon.*

Fopp. I meant my self thy man, and thou the Moon all the while, Wife; that is by way of *Metaphor*.

Petil. You had best tell how many embraces you have Given me more than I requir'd, and so for Manhood

Sake

Sake bely us both; or feign I have more ſervants
Than really I have, and call it *Metaphorical*, you
Had Sir?

Fopp. But pardon *Metaphor* I beſeech thee for Love's
Sake, and Poetry.

Petil. Well, Sir, as I am favourable to Poetry, I'll pardon
Your fictions at this time; ſo as your fools fire produce
No more.——

Fopp. I'll have nothing to do with the beſt Moon that
Ever ſhin'd ſince thou wilt have it ſo; and yet
Methinks this affront might have been ſpar'd to *Cynthia*,
Under Correction —— Madam. ——

Petil. Withdraw Sir, and know I expect your further ſubmiſſion.

Frank. Away, away, whilſt the ſtorm ceaſes.

Fopp. Since a man cannot be believ'd who can help it.

Merid. An over-wiſe, tho' a little one—— [*Ex.* Foppering.

Frank. And were I her Huſband, I ſhould be in love with
The Moon in earneſt before her.

Petil. Pardon me Madam, that my reſpects were
Interrupted by that neceſſary rebuke I gave that
Titular thing call'd my Huſband —— but hope the
Example may be of good uſe, as you may have
Occaſion to exerciſe your matrimonial Dominion

Soly. The Counſel of a Fury added to my affliction.

Moor. I ſhall loſe no prerogative that becomes a Wife
Or a member of your Re-publick.

Enter Peacock *and* Euphorbus.

Petil. For Which you may deſerve a ſignal reſpect.

Soly. More Birds of a Feather to gaze at my folly.

Merid. Nothing but a brace of Peacocks for the laſt Courſe, Sir.

Soly. Would there were a limb of one of them in your
Belly; I ſhall be whoop'd at by every Owl before
They have done with me.

1. *Lad.* An odd ſight.

Celin. I have heard of his humour before——.

Frank. Nay, blame me Sir, rather, ſince I muſt
Acknowledge I caus'd them to come hither to preſent

Their

Their reſpects to you, and your Lady.

Soly. Did you ſo, Sir?

Peac. And art thou the ſprightly Black the Lady of Night
And beautiful bloſſom of darkneſs?

Merid. Ha, ha, ha, bloſſom of darkneſs.

Peac. The Bride of this Gravity's, and Siſter of *Hyments*.

Frank. He has rais'd her deſcent, Sir, ſomething for your ſake.

Soly. O the perplexity I am in —a night of *Cynthia*'s Revels
In which all the Lunaticks are at liberty.

Featl. Be reſolute Sir and ſtand the worſt.

Soly. Would I were dead, or any thing to be freed.

Featl. I am glad to hear it.——— [*Aſide.*

Peac. Had I but known this night of joy ſooner, I would
Have been doubly feather'd, as you ſee I am in him
And he in me.

Euph. And I likewiſe, as I am two in him, and he two in me, am
At your ſervice.

Merid. The Miracle encreaſes now.

Frank. As far as they pleaſe to believe it.

Omn. Ha, ha, ha.

Soly. An *Infinitum* of vexation.

Peac. And next I would have been at thy ſervice in as
Many Capacities — that is thus for me, and thus for
Him.

Euph. And thus for me, and thus for him.

Peac. As here's one lip, there's t'other——and ſo likewiſe for
The reſt of theſe Ladies.—— [*Both ſalute the* Moor.

Petil. We are beholding to you Sirs, as I am a Wife.

Moor. I thank you Gentlemen, and as you are mine in ſeveral
Reſpects, I will be as many times yours.

Soly. O my fate, I ſhall wear a horn, and caus'd by ſo
Sooty a Sinner as this.

Celin. And be glad if you ſcape ſo Sir.

Petil. But that we are merciful and pitty failings, you
Had been worſe dealt with. } *Enter* Polidor, Serina, Eugenia,

Saly. Is that poſſible. } Criſpina, *and ſeveral Gentlemen.*

Peac. Ladies all your pardons, I have
Perform'd my Devoirs, and ſo I doubly take my leave.

Euph. And I as doubly too.

Celin. Farwell, pair of Wonders—— [*Ex.* Peac. Euphor.
Polid.

Polid. You have pass'd a severe sentence on this Knight.

Serin. I thought it justice to consent considering every Circumstance.

Polid. You are just in all things.

Serin. I should be sorry, Sir, if the publick or you have Cause to complain of the power I possess ——tho' at This time I shall propose something may concern you, Please you observe a space.———

Polid. What does she mean ?-- [*Aside.*

Euge. As sure as I live, *Serina* is beginning her address To *Polidor*, by vertue of our late Decree.

Crisp. What if she does, I suppose *Cupid* has more use Of his Darts, than to aim only at her ———tho' I confess *Polidor*, for a man, is a mark indeed.

Celin. Our President, Sir.—— [*To* Solymour.

Soly. More of their Clamours yet !

Moor. I hope not so, Sir.

Serin. Nor needs it Lady *Solymour*.

Soly. Was ever man marry'd thus ?

Serin. You own the Decree, Ladies ?

Omn. All, all.

Serin. And next you may withdraw with your Lady, Sir.

Soly. Must I hand her too ? No, she shall have but one of My fingers.——

Moor. I'll take hold of the longest finger then.

Featl. Take Comfort, Sir, however.

Soly. Hast thou any to give me ?

Featl. I shall be sorry not to my endeavours as occasion Serves —I perceive he does not know me yet. [*Aside.*

Celin. And be near him to proceed as we shall advise. [*To* Featlin.

Featl. I understand thee, dear *Celinda*.-[*Ex.* Soly. Moor, Featlin.

Serin. For other irregularities of men that Concern our Sex, we may proceed against them As cause shall require.

Petil. And for such as have Wives, to make it more Enormous, if they presume to begin their Amours First ; In good faith I was thinking to have brought In a charge against mine.

Frank. Though she has pinch'd him to purpose——as we Can witness.

Merid. And for nothing but pretending he is in love with The Moon.

Petil. But that I could not be ſo ſevere, with the frailties Of a man, I have receiv'd ſervices from.

1. *Lad.* And what ſhall we decree againſt ſuch, that Intrigue By the way of ſervants, and yet as perfidious To their Miſtreſſes as any Huſband of 'em all

Criſp. Say we eſtabliſh a High Court of Juſtice of Love?

Polid. That were a new way of acting Tyrannick love indeed?

Frank. But I hope no Tragedy.

Serin. I am not againſt it; provided, we do men and our ſelves Right, by inſiſting on merit, and ſuch other perfections As are juſtly ours.

Eug. You have ſpoken my ſence, Madam.

Petil. I do not like ſo well that word, Merit.

Criſp. No matter, Madam, you have Beauty.

Petil. And ſhould be ſorry to quit my fair intereſt, did I Stand for a *Venus* with the proudeſt ſhe living.

Serin. In the mean time behold what I preſent to your Conſiderations, a Catalogue of Lovers according to the Inquiry of our women Commiſſioners. { *They view all the Paper earneſtly.*

Criſp. An ingenious accompt.

Petil. And ſuitable to our inſtructions.

Serin. If there be any here you think well on, you may Beſtow a look on him if you pleaſe.

Eug. Our Preſident ſhould have the liberty to begin firſt.

Celin. By any means, Madam.

Serin. I am fix'd already: but I'll lead you the way.

The Women walk round the men. Criſpina, Petilla, 1 Lady, *eyeing* Frankman. Celinda, *and* 2d Lady *eye others, while* Eugenia *eyes* Meridith *more ſtrictly than any of the reſt of the Men.*

Frank. Nay Ladies not too many of your beams Together.

Merid. The more the merrier.

Serin. If I miſtake not Ladies, too many of your kind Aſpects have been particularly united on ſome deſerving Objects here.

Criſp. I know where I look'd firſt.

Petil. And ſo do I, by your favour Madam, —— I hope the Eye of a Wife may be as well underſtood as e'r A Virgins of you all.

1. *Lad.* And I remember where I look'd too.

Eug. And ſo do I! ——

Merid. That look meant me *Frankman.*

Frank. I perceive it.

Celin. And I forget not whom I beheld.

2. *Lad.* And I by your leave, Ladies.

{Gelinda *looks careleſſy on the men.*

Merid. This is Mirth indeed *Frankman.*

Frank. A pleaſant ſort of Loves lightning, and ſome of us muſt Be his Thunderbolts it ſeems.

Serin. But Ladies, how will you determine betwixt Your ſelves, in Caſe that ſeveral of you affect one Man?

Petil. Why, in that caſe we may decree him a publick lover.

Eug. That were a particular injury.

Petil. No matter ſo it be a publick good, by your favour, Madam.

Criſp. Rather, let us eſtabliſh a High Court of Juſtice Of love to determine our differences.

Serin. I look'd for this. —— [*Aſide.*

Eug. There's no reaſon for a diſſenter.

Celin. I am for it.

1. *Lad.* And I. —— *Omn.* —— And all.

Serin. And I comply as willingly.

Criſp. And when ſhall our High Tribunal of love meet?

Serin. In ſome minutes under an hour! You have Your ſummons to appear, Gentlemen.

Merid. I dare promiſe for all, that we will not fail you.

Frank. God a mercy, thou ſinner of Sixty.

Eug. A lively piece of antiquity.

Serin. The deſign takes to my wiſh; how do you Like it *Polidor*?

Polid. 'Tis ſuch a novelty, Madam, I know not how To judge it handſomely.

Serin. Leave it to me ——

Nor do I doubt our Stars will be unkind.
Since Love has yet more Wonders left behind.

[*Ex. Omnes.*

The Fifth Act.

The Scene resembles a Tribunal of Love.

Enter Serina, Crispina, Eugenia, Celinda, Petilla, *and* 2 Ladies.

Serin. I Hope, Ladies, you have sufficiently implor'd the Humorsome God of Love to compose your differences.

Eug. I can answer for my self, and hope well of the rest.

Serin. I doubt not your Modesty.

Crisp. But we expect it shall not diminish the least part Of our State and interest.

Petil. As I am a Wife I am oblig'd to do no less, hoping to Have the Vote of all this fair Society in my behalf.

1. *Lad.* We shall not dissent.

Serin. But to do justice on your selves now, will be the Difficulty; since in my thought your Eyes met too Particularly, as you beheld the men: and it were strange if A common-wealth should not have variety enough for So many Women as we are here.

Eug. I judg so, Madam. [*Enter* Frankman, Meridith, *and* Featlin.

Serin. The persons that fall under present Consideration, will be these Gentlemen here, Though a small Number of the Catalogue.

Crisp. For Mr. *Frankman*, Madam, I dare answer for the Language of my Eye, so far, as to acknowledge him

A deſerving Gentleman.

Petil. But by your favour, Lady, I have had him in my thoughts Ever ſince I was a Wife.

1. *Lad.* And I ever ſince I was a Virgin.

2. *Lad.* I would ſay ſomething too, Madam, --- but let that paſs.

Petil. And for Mr. *Featlin* here, what woman can have the heart Not to think well of him.

1. *Lad.* And ſuch a neat built man as he is.

Serin. And what ſay you to this, *Celinda*?

Celin. I'll leave him to the beſt pretender, Madam, ——— my Love ſhall not go farther than my wit is able to Make it good.

Frank. We are now under Cenſure i'faith Boys.

Merid. And if they diſable me from being a lover, my years Have ill luck.

Featl. I wonder that *Celinda*'s juſtice has not found me yet.

Frank. O, their thoughts are ſo full of univerſals, there's no Room for a particular Amour yet.

Serin. And what for this Grave Gentleman? [*Pointing to* Merid.

Petil. He ſhall have our *Superſedeas*, if he pleaſe.

Criſp. Or to recreate him, let him be our general *Platonick*?

1. *Lad.* And ſo have our ſociety at times of eating; I have Heard he's pleaſant.

Eug. Methinks he might deſerve better.

Petil. And think ſo ſtill if you pleaſe.

Frank. Doſt' hear this *Meridith*?

Merid. I do, and ſmile at their miſtake, ——— I their *Platonick*?

1. *Lad.* And then for *Polidor*.

Serin. He too within your ayms?

Petil. The moſt accompliſh'd perſon in our Common-wealth. Why is he not here?

1. *Lad.* I long to ſurvey him.

Petil. But I had him in my eye before you, Lady: by My Memberſhip of this State, we have not juſtice Preſident, and a man wanting we think well of.

Serin. This ſounds too much of Anarchy in love, the worſt Of Miſchiefs to all humane Government.

1. *Lad.* But practis'd under all we conceive, Madam.

Petil. A Wives condition were a ſevere one otherwiſe.

Serin. It ſhall never have my vote.

Eug. Nor mine, *Serina.*

Crisp. As it may Authorize dishoneſt actions, I likewiſe do defy
It; but as I love my wit, my beauty, or take pride to be
Reſpected (a pardonable frailty in our Sex) I'd have
It paid me too as many ways ——— A woman may be
A Saint of Loves, and yet have more than ſingle
Adoration.

Frank. By my life, brave, and witty.

Merid. She has it in abundance, man.

Serin. You may be allow'd your ſence, *Criſpina*, but till you
better reconcile —— *Serina*, is no more your Preſident
Celinda! ——— [*Ex.* Serina *and* Celinda.

Featl. Serina is with-drawn in diſcontent,
And *Celinda* with her.

Frank. I did expect it, and gueſs which way the ſtream of things
Are bending.

Eug. This breach was ſudden.

Criſp. No matter, we may proceed without her.

Fetil. Or chuſe another in her ſtead.

Criſp. Gentlemen, your patience--and your counſel, Ladies. [*The Women whiſper.*

Featl. The Ladies are in conſultation about us.

Frank. Perhaps they will chuſe us by lots or elſe play us together
Like a battle Royal of Cocks.

Featl. But I have deſign'd my match otherwiſe, if Fortune
Be not peeviſh and hinder me. [*Enter* Foppering.

Merid. In the mean time, let us ſing, *three*
Merry Boys, and three merry Boys, and three merry Boys are we.

Frank. Here comes *Foppering* —— but I'll fright him away ——
Hark you *Tom.* ——

Fopp. What's the matter Sir? [Merid. *and* Featl. *whiſper.*

Frank. Strange matters are in handling by the women, *Tom.*

Fopp. But I deſire to have nothing to do with their hands or fingers.

Frank. I know thou wouldſt not, *Tom.*

Fopp. I had only an extraordinary complement to have
Preſented their High Court of love, and thought to
Have aſk'd your advice whether I may
Preſume to except my Wife.

Frank. Thou ſhalt not have to do with her, or them, at preſent.
And for thy Wife, ſhe is in ſuch a Mood.

Fopp.

Fopp. Let her go whistle above or below then.—I'll not
Make much of her now.

Frank. She is at present like Tow, ready to take fire with
The least spark of passion. —— Away, away, — I would
Not have thee seen.

Fopp. And is she angry, say you then? —— Why then I'll not
Provoke her so much as by my submission now;
She shall be pleas'd better first.

Frank. Be gone, I tell thee.

Fopp. But if you can intercede for my humiliation or so; you
Conceive me Sir, —— and you Gentlemen.

Frank. Some other time wee'l undertake it.

Fopp. I thank you heartily, Sir, and in gratitude will tell
You a more extraordinary tale, than I have told you yet.——

Frank. Enough, enough.—— [*Ex.* Foppering.

Merid. And well we are rid of him, I was apprehensive that
His Mirth might have prevented a better expected.

Crisp. Not to proceed, were a diminution of our privilege,
And might teach men to neglect our Authority, or what
Is worse, to slight our loves.

Petil. I am resolute in the cause.

Eng. But I hope with modesty.

1. *Lad. Crispina* shall be our Speaker.

2. *Lad.* And so avow our prerogative by her mouth; she'l manage
It like a Town-wit I warrant her.

Petil. Indeed Ladies! and a Wife of the Re-publick in place?

Crisp. With your leave, Madam.

Frank. They have decreed to assault us now.

Merid. And I'll charge them as home, I warrant thee.

Petil. Then by my leave you may.

Crisp. But it shall be to defeat your intrigue, if my
Wit does not deceive me.——

Frank. They have chosen a Speaker to my wish, and I am prepar'd [*Aside.*
For her.

Crisp. Suppose, Gentlemen, that some of us should resolve to
Express our good opinion of you. [Meridith *steps out.*
I do not mean you.

Merid. What you please, Madam.

Omn. Ha, ha, ha.

Crisp. Or that you Mr. *Frankman* were the man I bid to

Love

Love me?

Frank. Why, in that caſe, Madam, I would anſwer the ſuppoſition
By another ſuppoſition; as, ſuppoſing that any of
Theſe Ladies were your Rivals, and that you deſign'd
Me for your ſelf, which Heaven avert from your
Thoughts.

1. *Lad.* Mark that, Ladies.

Petit. Nay Mr. *Frankman* will deal with 'em well enough
I warrant him.

Criſp. How! Heaven avert it, ſay you ſo, Sir?

Frank. Marry do I, and dare ſwear it before your Tribunal
Of Love too, if you pleaſe. —— How Madam!
Command my love?

Criſp. I put it to you as a Suppoſition, Sir.

Frank. Why then, Lady, you muſt unſppoſe again —— ha, ha, ha,
Bid me love? why, 'tis ſcarce within the Power of
The Stars to command it.

Criſp. You dare not, Sir, affront our Power.

Frank. A power to command love; was there ever ſuch
A Soleciſm in Nature; beſides, you miſtake
The Prerogative you have decreed to your ſelves;
I muſt be bold to tell you ſo; and more, that were
You Coy, and proud as *Pallas*, your Own law
Muſt humble you.--

Criſp. How ſo! preſumptious Sir?

Frank. Alas, Madam, *Cupid* has conſpir'd with your Councels
More happily for us, than the moſt ambitious Lover
Could have hop'd for, -- you will have the privilege
To make love firſt?

Criſp. What Then, Sir?

Frank. Why much good do you with it--and begin; but remember
As it does invert our Common Mode of Courtſhip in the
Firſt tender of our reſpects, ſo we may expect, (and
Reaſonably too) the ſame obſervances from you women,
The privilege of Lady Miſtreſſes being no longer yours:
In ſhort, you have pull'd down your Altars of love
And have ſet up ours.

Criſp. Was there ever ſuch an affront to *Cupid*, and women
In power together?

Frank. I muſt be plainer yet: and aſſure you that you have

Put

Put it juſtly in our power to expect, not only that you
Should firſt offer your affections; but with the exem-
plary humilities of men, when lying at the feet of
Their Miſtreſſes, as by ſaying, I am, Sir, your humble Lady
To ſerve you —— how happy were I to have the leaſt
Of your good opinion! What a foot, and hand have you,
And eye that ſends forth rays more bright than thoſe of
Diamonds, and wounds with every beam a Lover; and
So till you come (for want of hair) to our Perriwigs,
And admire them as much.

Criſp. This were fine indeed.

Frank. Nay, after you have perform'd all this, remain
In doubt whether we'll receive it, or no, but give
You as endleſs and inſupportable delays as ſuch
Of your Sex uſually do, when proud, fair, rich, and
Witty, are compleated in one individual woman ——
If this be not Juſtice, according to your determination
Of making love; I ſubmit to your judgments, Ladies.

Merid. God a mercy Sophiſter! thou haſt puzzl'd their reaſons
I warrant thee.

Frank. I was beholding to thy wit for the hint, *Meridith.*

Merid. I am glad it did you ſervice.

Featl. And with ſuch a retortion on themſelves?

Criſp. What ſay you to this Ladies?

Eug. I doubt the argument is unavoidable.

Petil. And contradict our decree.

Criſp. I confeſs the conſequence was overſeen by us.

1. *Lad.* Why let us revoke it then, and make a better in its
Stead.

2. *Lad.* 'Tis neceſſary, ſince we are like to have no lovers
Otherwiſe.

Petil. Rather than ſo, I'd conſent to give up our Government.

Criſp. We muſt think of ſome other expedient. In the mean
Time, I'll vouchſafe you my pardon.

Frank. And your love too, I hope, Madam, by that Eye [Criſp.
She gave me firſt —— [*Aſide.* [*eyes* Frank. *kindly.*
And laſt, I dare conclude it.

Criſp. His wit has taken me.

Petil. And ſo for you Sir, I ſuppoſe we may do the like.

Featl. I thank you, Lady: —— but you ſhall chuſe ſome
Other Gallant inſtead of me for your ſervice.—— [*Aſide.*

Merid. And what for me?

1. *Lad.* Good picture of time, nothing.

Eug. You have been admitted a *Platonick* already,
By our particular diſpenſation.

Merid. Me a *Platonick*, Lady? 't had been better ſaid to
Æſon, after he renew'd his years, and youth ——
Me a *Platonick*? I'll ſooner renounce *Plato*, and all
His ſpiritual Doctrine of Love, ten times over,
Than ſuffer the affront to fleſh and blood of mine.
Me a *platonick*?

Eug. Well Sir, I will allow your years a greater reſpect
Since you deſire it.

Merid. And can deſerve it too! but do not hope for a return
Unleſs you value me at the price of one and
Twenty in man-hood, I'll not go under a day, fair
One, and on thoſe terms, love, embrace, and welcome; which
If thou doſt with me, I'll make thee know, thou art
To wiſh thy ſelf yonger for my ſake, and not me for
Thine.

Eug. I conceive you, Sir —— ſuch a humour in age, what's more
Taking?—— [*Aſide.*

Criſp. Eugenia, thou haſt clos'd this Scene more kindly than
I look'd for —— Come Ladies—— . [*Ex. Women.*

Merid. Well, *Frankman*, thou haſt ſhew'd thy ſelf a true
Witt indeed.

Frank. I told you, I ſhould bow the proudeſt ſhe amongſt them.

Featl. And has given ſome ſhock to their dominion over us.

Frank. Why I deſign'd it man; and if we do not ſet up
What we pleaſe now, 'tis our own faults; I knew
From the beginning of this day, that the Power would
Be our Sexes again, with more pleaſure than before.

Featl. Serina made the firſt breach.

Frank. Were ſhe rewarded though with a greater dignity
Than I'll name, I could afford it her.

Featl. She affects *Polidor*, no leſs deſerving in his birth
And vertues. [*Enter* Peacock *half naked and weeping.*

Frank. Away to thy Father, *Featlin*,
Thy deſign ripens a-pace.

Featl.

Footl. I was juſt going to him, Sir.

Merid. I did not think that providence had bleſſ'd Sir *Grave Solymour* with ſo hopeful a Son.

Frank. Here comes *Peacock*, and half naked too.

Merid. An odd ſpectacle of mirth.

Frank. I'll diſpoſe of him accordingly —— In the mean time Wait you on *Polidor* —— [*Ex.* Merid.

How now, *Peacock*?

Peac. The moſt ſad man living, Sir.

Frank. Whats the matter?

Peac. The matter Sir? why I have loſt my ſelf, Sir.

Frank. And thou here?

Peac. I mean *Euphorbus*, my other lovely being in my ſelf.

Frank. But how com'ſt thou to be half uncloath'd too?

Peac. Why Sir, as I was this afternoon aſleep, having Laid my fine Veſt of Feathers by me, I had it ſtoln Away from me, my Pocket pick'd too, and, as I ſuppoſe, By that ſelf of mine, *Euphorbus*.

Frank. A good moral of ſelf love; than which nothing More deceives us ——but to undecieve thee, I'll tell Thee *Jack*, that ſelf of thine was but a Link-Boy Deſign'd to abuſe thy Credulity, and for the Artiſt You dealt with, he's obſcur'd already, beſides not Worth a revenge.

Peac. Is't poſſible, Sir? then I have been abominably cheated By that pretended *Virtuoſo* you directed me to.

Frank. I did conſent for thy good, he ſhould practiſe on thee A little, ſince 'twas a juſt puniſhment of thy humour Of ſelf affection, and may all that doat too much Upon themſelves deceive themſelves accordingly.

Peac. I care not for my mony, If I had but my ſuit of Feathers again!

Frank. No matter whether thou haſt for no, or thou mayſt have As good.——

Peac. Do you think ſo! I'll try all the feather Shops in the Town, before I'll reſt then.

Frank. In the mean time thy part of Comedy ſhall end here: Be gone *Jack*——as thou art a lover of Modes and dreſs I would no thave thee ſeen in ſuch a plight as this. [*Ex.* Peacock.

Enter Polidor, Serina, *and* Celinda.

Polid. And have you power or other means to accompliſh this Deſign, *Serina*?

Serin. I doubt it not, and know moſt noble *Polidor*, that as this Day began with womens rule, ſo it ſhall end propitious To my Countreys happineſs and my acknowledgments of your Deſert.

Polid. I need no other proof than your vertue--here's *Frankman.*

Serin. And muſt be acquainted how I proceed; Mr. *Frankman?*

Frank. Your Will, Madam.

Serin. How came you off with the Ladies?

Frank. With victory enough, Madam, in ſo much that I judge They could be contented to rule jointly with us now.

Serin. And by what means?

Frank. By a ſmall heat of argument, on the account of Love Madam, the moſt ſubduing paſſion.-- [*Enter* Meridith.

Serin. My deſign is half perfected, by this ingenuity of his— And what for *Criſpina.* ———

Frank. Why, as proud, and ſtout as ſhe is, ſhe plies, and ſhall More yet, as I hope to order matters.

Serin. You will deſerve her beſt affection.

Frank. And for my friend *Meridith* here —— the wonder of age And love, he has made ſuch a fair Progreſs with *Eugenia* Too.

Celin. A vertuous and diſcreet Lady.

Merid. I was fain, Madam, to come up cloſe to her, and bid her Expect what her youth could hope, from mine ——till we Came to ſuch a kind reperteè by looks, that I ſuppoſe She could even have ſung, *I like his humour well, and I like his humour well.* ———

Serin. A pleaſant one I aſſure you.

Merid. And ſhall be, till life and I take leave Madam.

Polid. Beſides he is a perſon no leſs generous, in all his actions I muſt owne him ſuch.

Merid. You ſhall be ſure to prove me ſo, when you command My ſervice.

Serin. There needs nothing, but to inſiſt on your prerogatives as (men.

Frank.

Frank. Which we'l be certain in the end to have the
Better of Women kind, or I know nothing of
Fleſh and blood. —— [*Aſide.*

Serin. And be ſure, you neither receive their addreſs or make love
On any terms, giving the like intimation to all you think
Fit —— the other part of the deſign ſhall be mine and
Celinda's. —— [*Enter* Soly. Moor, Featl. *at diſtance.*

Celin. I am prepar'd to ſerve it —— but
With your leave firſt.

Serin. I know your affair, come *Polidor*, and you Gentlemen.
[*Ex.* Serina, Polidor, Meridith, Frankman.

Soly. And do you hope to bed with me at night,
You *Æthiopian* Matron, do you?

Moor. I ſhall expect, Sir, the due reſpects, and obſervance of a
Wife. [Celinda *whiſpers* Featlin.

Soly. Indeed ſooty, Madam.

Moor. The very reaſon, Sir, that Chimney-ſweepers are more
Regarded in our Countrey than in any other, becauſe
They come ſo near the complexion of our Ladies.

Soly. Or elſe for my greater Curſe, thou wert begotten by one at
Home and ſo foiſted on me.

Moor. By your leave Sir, I muſt taſte your lips [*Offers to kiſs him.*
'Tis my privilege to begin, our Law ſays.

Soly. Would I could tell where to hire ſome Villain to
Strangle her.

Featl. I have made my ſelf known to him.

Celin. That's well: but be ſure to keep back the
Plot, till our deſign be perfected:

Featl. Leave it to me.

Celin. *Serina* expects me —— I'll but ſalute him now.

Moor. Beſides, Sir, we *Moors* are held in pleaſure to tranſcend
The moſt beautiful embraces, the world (as well as
Thoſe under our *Meridian*) affirms it.

Whilſt we ſuch amorous Feats can do,
The fair would wiſh to act and know,
Which makes it hard with us to prove
Whether Honour greater is than love.

Soly. She abuſes me in Rhime too! though it be the

Curſe of Poetry.

Celin. Your ſervant Sir.

Soly. She here to ſecond her?

Celin. To ſerve you, I am.

Soly. My fair Trapanner I deſire no more of your ſervice——

Celin. And provided you will but hope well from me——
Perhaps may yet oblige your good opinion—— [*Ex.* Celinda.

Soly. Is that poſſible, after decoying me to this miſchief?

Featl. Good Father be more comfortably perſwaded, and if you are
Not pleas'd to expect well from her, truſt to my
Endeavour.

Soly. If thou canſt relieve me in this affliction, this Croſs
Of mine will prove a welcome providence in obliging
My love for ever to thee.

Featl. I do not doubt it Sir.

Soly. Tho' I confeſs it a juſt puniſhment of my vitious inclinations
And hypocriſy, together with my too long injurious
Neglect of thee.

Moor. You have no deſign to do me wrong I hope—[*To* Featl.

Featl. As you are a woman, not I, Lady.

Soly. She is rather an *African* Serpent in the Sun-burn'd form
Of woman, there is danger in changing words with her.

Featl. But if I provide a Spell, Sir, ſhall charm your
Quiet and freedome?

Soly. Do you aſſure it?

Featl. As I am honeſt, and obedient, I do, ſo you expreſs
Your ſelf a Father.

Soly. My love, and Eſtate ſhall confirm thee, Take all, or what
Part thou wilt, of which I muſt acknowledge my covetouſ-
neſs has too many years injuriouſly debarr'd thee.

Enter Serina, Criſpina, Eugenia, Petilla,
and the two Ladies.

Featl. Here comes the women, Sir,—— pleaſe you to confirm it
Within.

Soly. With my hand ſeal & heart—— [*Ex.* Soly. Moor, Featl.

Serin. I could have wiſh'd Ladies, that the men had been more
Moderate in their reſolution —— But here it

Is at large. [*They open a Scrowl of Parchment and look on.*

Criſp. And confirm'd by all theſe hands.

Eug. Not a conſiderable perſon in the Common-wealth almoſt,
But has ſet his name here.

Petil. And that malapert toy, my Huſband too?

1. *Lad.* I do not find his name here —— but it may be thoſe
You like as well.

Criſp. Not receive, or make love, except we part with our power!
A bold demand, Ladies.

1. *Lad.* And before we have govern'd one day.

2. *Lad.* It ſeems they conclude we ſhall be neceſſitated to yield
Before night.——

Serin. You ſee how firmly they have reſolv'd, and under the
Honour of their hands too, not to love in any kind, on
Other terms.

1. *Lad.* Part with our power? why, 'tis that which Princes fight for,
Polititians deceive for, nay, Miſtreſſes love for.

Petil. I and women marry for; I did, I am ſure, chiefly
On the account of governing.

Criſp. 'Tis doubtleſs ſome trick of theſe men to obtain the
Supremacy we poſſeſs.

1. *Lad.* I judge ſo, Madam.

Criſp. They are men, I doubt not, and let 'em live in our country
And not love if they can —— for my part I ſhould rather
Be content to ſtarve my affection a while, than not
Maintain our rule —— tho' perhaps I have ſomething
Might concern me, as much as another woman.——

Enter Celinda *in haſte.*

1. *Lad.* A magnanimous reſolution!

Serin. But I fear the conſequence.

Celin. O, Ladies, if ever for loves ſake you will conclude
On any thing, you muſt do it this minute.

Serin. What's the matter?

Celin. You muſt live, and love alone elſe, the men are all leaving
Of our Country, and you'l not have a man of ſixteen in *Utopia*,
By Sun ſet.

Criſp. Is it certain?

1. *Lad.* Why then let us be content till the Boys come to be men.

2. *Lad.* I doubt that will be too long for ſome of our conſtitutions.

Petil. Right, Madam, and might prejudice us more than our Power is worth, there is no living without 'em.

2. *Lad.* A Barbariſm not to be admitted by our Sex.

1. *Lad.* I have heard of a Chymiſt, that undertakes to make men, If true, now were a time to imploy him.

2. *Lad.* But the cheat's diſcover'd and hee's run away.

Celin. Nay, Ladies, you muſt preſently determine, the Shipps are taken, the Wind fair, and whereas I Said a man, we ſhall not have otherwiſe a Boy To play with.

Petil. Not a boy to play with, neither? —— have we not Power to reſtrain theſe bold Inſolents from making This attempt.

Celin. If we could I conceive it were to little purpoſe, unleſs we Can command their loves.

Criſp. Mr. *Frankman* going too! well! I have a womans heart, I Find.

Eug. And *Meridith* too! methinks I am unwilling our Countrey Should want ſuch an ornament of age.

Criſp. Let us put our ſelves wholly in *Serina's* hands, and comply As ſhe ſhall think fit.

Omn. Content, content.

Serin. And will you all ſubmit to what I ſhall conclude, or Determine?

Eug. As we are women we will.

Serin. That may prove a fickle aſſurance.

1. *Lad.* As we hope to love, and be belov'd again, Madam.

Serin. That's ſomewhat ſurer -- {*Whiſpers* Celinda, *who brings in* And ſince you are thus unanimous {Polidor, Frankman, Meridith. Know 'tis for ſome reaſons my deſign and not The mens, -- ſee here, they come, will anſwer For the reſt, and acceptably I hope.

Eug. We need not doubt it.-- [*Women whiſper ſeverally.*

Frank. I ſuppoſe we may make love firſt now--but Keep back yours, Sir, a while, I have ſome [*To* Polid. Reaſons.

Polid. You ſhall adviſe me.-- [*To* Frank.

Frank. And now, *Meridith*, what think'ſt thou on that

Sprightly

Sprightly caſt, *Eugenia* darted on thee?

Merid. Why, did I not give her beam for beam, think'ſt Thou?

Frank. Well ſaid -- and for you *Criſpina*, as you are ſtout and Proud——

Criſp. What then Sir?

Frank. Why, I'll grant thee ſo much victory, as to bid me Take thee, 'tis ſomething like the decree you made, But it ſhall be only with the ſpiritual language Of thy eye ——Nay that's too much of Madam Haughty. [*She looks on him.*

Criſp. 'Tis a hard caſe, Sir, if I have no look to pleaſe you.

Frank. Now, ſhe comes, i'faith, methinks I am even abed [*Looks again.* With thee in that caſt —— and in this ſomething [*Looks again.* More——give me thy hand, and as I am a *Frankman* I'll love thee, and ſo forth.

Criſp. I am yours then it ſeems.

Frank. I hope to both our happineſſes -- there is no ſuch Wife As a proud woman makes when humbl'd, like the Stately'ſt Horſe that ſeems moſt comely under the Rider.

Serin. Eugenia, your affections are fix'd here.-- [*To* Meridith. If I miſtake not. ——

Eug. I muſt acknowledge it.

Merid. But I'll ſave her the labour, Madam, to bid me take her: I know thou lov'ſt me, and lik'ſt my humour well too, and If I do not enjoy thee as chearfully ——— may I be never More call'd the youthful *Meridith*.

Eug. I ſhall as much rejoyce your love, and though at ſuch a diſ(ſtance 'Twixt our years, we are united, (ſo ſeldom an example in my Sex) I'll bear the Cenſure, ſince pleaſant humour's More to be eſteem'd, and cements faſter love Than youth and beauty.

Merid. For which I'll be thy mirthful companion, friend And Huſband, and will live with thee merrily up, and More merrily down.

Polid. I cannot blame her to be taken, and his diſpoſition ſo Pleaſant.

Petil. Notwithſtanding I am a Wife, I might have e[illegible]ed Something like an Amour too -- but there is time

For all things.

2. *Lad.* Doubt it not, Lady.

1. *Lad.* I ſhould be ſorry, if I could not diſpoſe of my virginity
With content too, when I pleaſe. [*Enter* Soly. Moor, *and* Featlin.

Frank. Here comes Sir *Grave Solymour.*

Soly. More conventions of women to
Encreaſe my vexation.

Featl. You need not apprehend it father — this is but your laſt
Scene, and I'll make it a ſhort one.

Soly. I have perform'd all things you requir'd of me.

Featl. And I'll free you from this black Wife in ſpight
Of the decree is paſt.

Moor. You will not do me ſuch an injuſtice Sir.

Celin. No, he ſhall not, but I will — the Plot is mine
And I'll diſcover it my ſelf, to deſerve his favour
With you; look you here, Sir, 'tis but a *Blacka-moor* Boy, and my Page — I hope Ladies there Needs no decree to annul this marriage. } *Pulls off the* Moors *hood, and he appears a Blackamoor.*

Serin. Celinda has oblig'd you Knight.

Soly. I thank her, Madam, ſince ſhe has done me
No greater Miſchief

Polid. And reconcil'd you to your Son, likewiſe.

Featl. Moſt fully, Sir, I thank him, and with a ſettlement of
His Eſtate on me.

Celin. I knew this only could effect it on your covetouſneſs, and do your Son juſtice, whom you had
Long injur'd — wherefore you ought Sir to pardon
The deſign.

Soly. I do, I do, — ſince there's no remedy. — [*Aſide.*

Featl. For which your ſo worthy affection — I offer my
Self and fortune yours.

Polid. It is but juſtice.

Celin. I was yours without it, and am ſo now.

Soly. There's no more for me to do.

Featl. Nothing, Sir! ———

Frank. But to reform your ſelf and that ſquare pretext
Of Gravity, by which you have not a little abus'd
Better meanings than your own.

Soly. I will than immediately retire, and live, (if I can)
A forgotten Common-wealths man. ——— [*Ex.* Solymour.

Frank.

Frank. A happy riddance, believe me.
Featl. You have oblig'd me, Mr. *Frankman*, with the reſt.
Celin. You ſhould have thank'd the Ladies too, but that I'll do for you. — [*She courtſies to* Serina *and the women.*

Enter Citizens.

Serin. There's yet a higher juſtice to be done unto you
Polidor -- nor is't unknown that in your veins
Is ſtill preſerv'd, that Royal Blood, which firſt gave
Nouriſhment unto this Countrey's antient ſtock
Of Kings.
Omn. Cit. We all acknowledge it.
Serin. And from my mouth I dare pronounce you here
Our Monarch--I know you will accept it.
Polid. I were injurious otherwiſe unto your love
And Juſtice, tho' time by introducing long theſe
Forms of State, obſcur'd the light and glory
Of my firſt Anceſtors.
Serin. But to be more conſpicuous in your ſelf.
Polid. You ſhall partake it with me, *Serina*, and more, I
Will acknowledge that 'tis thy love and vertue made
Me King.
Serin. You have already Sir, above my expectation or deſert.
Omn. Cit. Long live *Polidor* and *Serina*, King and Queen.
Polid. And to you all I'll ſoon expreſs the value that
I have for your affections.
Frank. } We do not doubt it, Sir.
Featl. }
Merid. For me, I'll only beg, that when our Countrey's Enemies
Shall dare provoke your Arms, you'l bid me be your
Souldier.
Polid. With *Eugenia*'s leave thou ſhalt, nay call'd in honour
Of thy Youthful Age, my youngeſt Captain.
Merid. I thank you, Sir.
Polid. You are contented Ladies with this change.
Omn. Lad. With all ſubmiſſion, Sir.
Featl. And is an univerſal joy in this moſt happy end
Of both Republicks.

Petil. But I hope, Sir, Wives shall not lose their legislative Power in ruling of their Husbands.

Polid. For such as will submit, wee'l make no law to Hinder them.

Petil. Then you are a King indeed.

Polid. Nature has made for men her Salique-Law
Given Women to continue men, not govern,
And though both Sexes here have held Republicks
(A usage diff'rent from all other Countreys)
In each example they may wisely see
No rule's so good as lawful Monarchy.

[*Ex Omnes.*

Epilogue spoke by Mr. *Foppering.*

The Stages Zany, or the Miss that's kind
Poets their Intercessors Wisely find:
The fool's your favourite, and the Miss can play
A far more welcome part another way;
But stay, this Jest must not proceed too far,
Our women govern here --- as well as there,
Beauty is sacred, and a Satyr thence
Is like a Clap in Cupids *kinder sence.*
Then let them pass with their Heroick guilt,
And Prologue borrow'd from a Hat and Belt.
Farce may be us'd in the Romantick way,
Like Pudding Jack *turn'd* Hector *in a Play.*
Wee'l act such fools our Poets can suppose,
Rather than Hero's *imitating those,*
Yet mine I hope so far with theirs complies,
That Foppering *you'l excuse for telling lyes.*
A Fools bold Lunacy my part does show,
But more Heroick Cinthia's Hero *know.*
Great Æsop did by Fools the Wise direct,
Allow our Author's hear the same effect,
He for your sake his Comick Muse thus dress'd,
But hopes the Moral is above the Jest:
And if y'are kind upon our Poets score,
We Actors, in that favour, hope for more.

FINIS.